

she is back in the ball-room flirting outrageously, and cold externally as ice, though still on the boil inside, and the Earl gets hoarser than ever.

There is not much about the servants in these novels, but they must be in the background, and they are capable girls too, such as you perhaps sigh for in vain yourselves. How they must sweep the rooms where the heroine is to roll in the evening back and forward without ruining her dress! What becomes of the hairpins when the hair is down? Does she roll with them in her mouth? They are finely built houses, too, or someone would hear her fall. The rolling need not make much noise on thick carpets, but it must wear them out in time, and very likely the man they were bought from is blamed. I cannot help feeling anxious about this man. There is always some member of the working classes who suffers for the eccentricities of the aristocracy.

A girl who is the wife of an earl (for however hoarse he may be, she is still his wife) can afford to dress extravagantly. Knowing her ways, her maid has doubtless a change of dress always in readiness, and it may be allowed that the maid benefits by the bursting, for she probably gets the cast-off clothing. A real lady would never send a burst dress back to the maker to be re-sewn. On the whole, therefore, the more her ladyship bursts, the better for those beneath her. I would point, however, to two classes of readers to whom her behaviour is a little trying. First, there are the young lady readers of comparatively poor parents. They incline to copy the aristocracy, and I ask you to conceive the effect upon an ordinary professional man of a daughter who had a passion for bursting in her new frock, or rolling about in it on the floor. His income could not stand this. She would have to be told to put on a last year's dress before bursting, or she could only burst once in a season. It is said that young ladies prefer one big ball to ever so many little dances, and in the same way perhaps they would rather burst and roll once in cashmere and lace than make a regular thing of it in a cheap print. If the admiring readers of your heroine were young wives like herself, but not so wealthy, their case would be still more serious, for a married woman has no one to control her expenditure. She might burst her husband out of house and home in three months. Your heroines have no responsibility, as they hand it all over to their housekeeper; and their husband, the Earl, can grow hoarser and hoarser without anyone's suffering but himself. But the professional man must to his work, though he is as hoarse as a crow; and when she is bursting, his wife ought to be out ordering the dinner. It is easy, again, for a countess to set apart a room for rolling in, and her husband never the wiser. But in a small house there are no spare rooms. Consider what a trial on a married man it would be if when he came home, tired with his day's work, he found his wife rolling across the dining-room floor in her wedding dress! He would not know what to say to her. For the good of the middle-class public, therefore, you might get your heroines to set an example of economy.

We men, too, though we revel in your heroines, would like fewer dresses, partly because our daughters say that if a countess has three costumes for an evening, they should have at least one a month, and partly because so many dresses confuse us. Why not devote some pages at the beginning of your story to a brief description of the girls' dresses? They do that in play-books for the guidance of actresses. You could add some useful hints to lady-readers, as that green with red on the skirts is the proper dress for Revenge, pale pink open at the throat for Lost Love, while corded silk bursts best, and blue is fashionable for rolling in.

But let me not be hypercritical. Your heroines are not only delightful company, but prove that our aristocracy are stronger, physically, than the medical papers allow. I question if there is another aristocracy in the world that could burst and roll so much without feeling the effects of it.

A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

XV.—"BANGKOLDY" AT HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

THE real nature of a worker is best seen on his holiday. The routine of business does not permit the display of much individuality. Three grocer's assistants, each wearing a white apron, each tying up a pound of sugar, and each making the same remark on the weather, are very similar and not very interesting; they have conformed to a type. A Bank Holiday sets the individuality free. One of our three puts on flannels, and plays cricket all day in the sun; athleticism shows itself, and one can learn still more of the man's character from noticing his behaviour when he is given out lbw. The second wears all the more recent additions to his wardrobe, and takes a young lady to Rosherville; here are the rudiments of a man of fashion. A third stops in bed till midday, and then takes a walk in Brompton Cemetery. His individuality is not, perhaps, quite obvious, for routine has broken him. But if he were richer, he would probably have a little volume of minor verse published.

Man's necessity is the tram-company's opportunity. There were no penny fares on Bank Holiday. Yet during the morning and afternoon the yellow trams were all crowded with passengers on their way to Hampstead Heath. It was computed that between 70,000 and 80,000 people visited Hampstead Heath on Monday. Shortly before noon they were swarming up the streets in the vicinity. There were small children in charge of smaller children; groups of girls with bright eyes and a certain freedom of manner; women of swarthy complexion, with white or brilliantly coloured handkerchiefs on their heads, some of them with trained birds in cages to assist them in probing the secrets of destiny; young men in their Sunday clothes, looking very proud of the young women, also in Sunday clothes, whom they were escorting; urchins with pence in their pockets and a tumble from a hired donkey in their immediate future; and fat babies in creaking perambulators, wheeled by anxious mothers, and personally conducted by good-humoured, pipe-smoking fathers. All were seeking the fresh air, and sunlight, and green open spaces; and the artificial allurements of swings, shows, and sandwiches. The top of the Heath was a bright and animated scene. Against the water on one side of the road donkeys could be hired. One little boy was selecting a donkey, and being advised in his choice of an animal by another little boy who had the air of wisdom. "'Ev that 'un, Enry," says Mentor. "I rid 'im myself, and 'e can go proper. You doan' want no stick. Kick 'im in the stomick. 'E can't feel nowhere else." On the other side of the road were the swings, stalls for the sale of cheap refreshments, and penny shows. Each row of swings had a man with a mechanical piano near it; and I noticed that the music never would keep time with the motion of the swings. One white tent, inscribed "Professor North, Ventriloquist," attracted me into it. The Professor was quite as good as most of the ventriloquists one sees at West-End variety entertainments; and he used their dialogue and business. But his dummies looked very depressed, as if they had seen better days. After a few minutes of ventriloquial entertainment, Professor North remarked that there was no second charge. "But," he said, "I have the privilege of being allowed to go round with my hat." He went round; and the result must have been satisfactory, as he gave us some more ventriloquism, finally ordering one of the dummies to "thank the ladies and gentlemen for their kind patronage and attention." I did not visit any of the monstrosities; but anyone who was moved by the spirit of scientific research, or by other motives, had a chance of seeing a six-legged dog, and something which was said to be a boy and a girl joined together. In the crowd here, or further down in the vale, where more shows were grouped, the cries

from the hawkers and the keepers of the booths made one continuous roar. "All the fun of the fair, all the jolly fun!" shouts one man who is selling scent-squirts. "Ask 'em what they think of the show when they come out," is the request of one booth proprietor, who knows that, in the fallen condition of human nature, a man who has been fooled finds no surer consolation than to see his fellow-man fooled in the same way. "We change all the bad 'uns," is an additional inducement to have three shies at the cocoa-nuts. "It 'im as 'ard as yer like! Crack 'im over the 'ead! Three shies a penny!" was the invitation to a somewhat barbarous form of amusement, which was also seen at some of the races this year. A man thrusts his head through a hole in a screen, and you throw wooden balls at that head. It looks, probably, more dangerous than it really is. The man in this case dodged well; and he wore a wig, which would be some protection. At any rate, I did not see him butchered to make a British holiday.

But the crowd are better to look at than any show. They are attracted by such monstrosities and cruelties as I have mentioned; they make, it must be owned, a perfectly terrific noise; they will defile the Heath with greasy newspapers and scraps of food from their picnics; yet a man would require a very mean mind to feel no affection for them and no sympathy with their boisterous enjoyment on a day like this. Fine holidays are not so common with them that they can afford to devote them to a study of culture. They are not, at any rate, selfish or self-conscious; their happiness is free and natural. There is more of the spirit of *camaraderie* on Hampstead Heath during the August Bank Holiday than could be found in Piccadilly during the whole season. Each man is ready to play a practical joke on his neighbour, but he is equally ready to do him a good turn. I stood on the top of some rising ground, from which one could see a good deal of the Heath. It was shortly after noon, and the midday meal was commencing. All over the Heath were scattered little groups, eating and laughing. The fat babies had all got out of their perambulators and were crawling about the grass in all directions. Below me was the whirl and noise of the steam roundabout. Crowds were passing to and fro from one group of stalls to the next; the cheap, bright-coloured dresses of the girls looking pretty enough at a little distance. The sunlight flashed and sparkled on the water, where bare-legged boys were paddling. There was always a crowd around the ponds; the presence of water in any considerable quantity had the charm of novelty for many. Altogether, there was so much joy, and energy, and enthusiasm everywhere, that one hardly noticed the lamentable absence of high culture.

On the West Heath there was more quiet and seclusion; there under the shade of the trees, among ferns that grow breast-high, more decorous people held more sombre picnics. I only saw one person reading. She was not very pretty, and she wore spectacles. She was one of the very few who were quite without companions. I came suddenly upon her among the ferns. She was reading a novel of the circulating libraries, and for a few moments she had ceased to be conscious that she was a plain, spectacled, solitary girl, whose finger-tips told her profession. She was that beautiful and passionate heroine, Gwendoline, sitting in a dim-lit conservatory, tired of the brilliant glare of the ball-room, and being assured spasmodically of the constant love of a handsome peer, in the usual "faultless evening dress."

OXFORD EXPLORERS IN ASIA MINOR.

FROM Professor Ramsay, one of the Oxford exploring party now at work in search of classical antiquities, inscriptions, etc., in Asia Minor, we have received the following interesting communication, under date Selefke, July 12th:—

In Dineir (Apameia - Celaenae), the present terminus of the Ottoman Railway, we occupied a spare hour or two, while hiring the horses and making preparations for the start, in copying a few unpublished inscriptions. One, in Latin, orders that the first day of each month shall bear the name of Cæsar, and another records that in A.D. 46 the whole five archons of Apameia were for the first time Roman citizens, an interesting step in the gradual Romanisation of the country.

A Christian epitaph, of the class which may be reckoned Montanist, was also found in a field on the hillside a few miles distant. We passed by Konana (whose numerous inscriptions are the most dreary and uninteresting that have survived from antiquity), Seleuceia, and Prostanna. From Prostanna we had to send our baggage across the lake in a boat, and thence by a détour; while we rode across the Pisidian Mountains, taking only a blanket each and a few things which we could carry on our horses. We thought that two days would suffice to take us across the mountains, but we had to lie on the hillside for four nights, owing to the difficulty of finding the roads, and the hardly passable character of the roads after they were found. We visited by the way Timbrias and Adada, the latter one of the most interesting ruins that I have seen in Asia Minor; it would well repay careful examination and a small expenditure of money. During our hurried visit we made a rough plan of the city, with its agora, acropolis, and temples. On the east side of the mountains we rejoined our baggage, and spent a day in verifying the theory proposed for the site of the Roman colony Parlais in my "Historical Geography of Asia Minor." We found the ruins of a small, well-fortified city on a low hill, round which the Roman road to Side must have turned, precisely in the situation indicated in my map; it lies between the villages of Kashakli (visited by Professor G. Hirschfeld in 1871) and Monastir. A rude rock relief of Roman period was all that we found on the site besides walls and pottery. But there can be no doubt that it was a Roman city, and the existence of two Latin inscriptions at Bademli confirms my argument that the city was Parlais.

A glance at the sites of Karallia and Dalisandos, and a distant view of Lyrbe and Kolybrassos, contented us. At Dalisandos we had intended to take photographs of the huge and curious stete, possibly "Hittite," discovered by Professor Sterrett in 1885. But a thunder-shower, which lasted intermittently for thirty hours, prevented this, and the world must remain content with the rough drawing which I published in the "Athen. Mittheilungen, 1889, of this ugliest of all ancient monuments in Asia Minor, one alone excepted. We were then obliged to go to Konia, in order to show ourselves to the authorities, and to get money and letters; neither of the latter have arrived, and we leave disappointed and rather embarrassed.

As we were on the point of leaving Konia, a telegram arrived putting £150 at our disposal. We then came through Lystra, Korna, and Derbe, to Ilistra and Laranda; finding two milestones with long inscriptions on the road between Lystra and Derbe, and a number of unimportant sepulchral inscriptions at various points. From Laranda we entered the Isaurian Mountains, and on the next day came in sight of the ruins of Hierapolis-Sibilia. The ruins are those of a Roman and Byzantine city, silted up from 4 to 7 feet deep, but so well preserved that a rough plan was easily made. At the south end was what at first seemed the acropolis; but closer examination showed that in part it was built from older material (including stones of Byzantine work), put together hurriedly in order to construct a smaller fortress. The probable history of the place is this:—It was the "Holy City" of Northern Ketis, which coined money under the name Koropissos. It was a Byzantine bishopric, Hierapolis; in later time this bishopric changed its name to Sibilia. The small fortress was built by the Armenian princes, one of

whom welcomed Barbarossa so hospitably during his passage across the mountains. The ruins of a church are in very fair preservation, possibly of the seventh or eighth century. We made a plan of it, and copied four Arabic inscriptions among the fallen stones. One other very large building, with numerous chambers, on a street leading from the great church towards the south, was well preserved, and we made a plan of it. It faces a smaller church on the opposite side of the street, which, from the numerous remains along it, must have been the chief street of the city.

After spending great part of a day in wandering among the mountains searching for a reported Kodja Kalesi, "Big Castle," we reached Mut, and found there several good inscriptions, including full evidence that Leake was right in placing Claudiopolis there. Next day we got a guide to Kodja Kalesi, four hours to the north, near a village Maliya. This turned out to be a monastery, including several other buildings, and a church in marvellous preservation. The roof has fallen in, and two or three columns also, but great part of the church is perfect, and the walls stand to their full height. The beauty of the ruins, and the style of architecture, justify the opinion that this is the monastery of Apadna, which Procopius mentions as one of Justinian's buildings. If this be correct, we have here a church untouched since Justinian's time, and nearly complete. We made a plan of the whole monastery, and careful drawings and elevations of the church to the best of our ability.

Between this monastery and Claudiopolis we also found (or rather Hogarth alone found) the ruins of a small city, with numerous unimportant inscriptions; this was certainly the Isaurian bishopric Dalisandos. Great part of what we saw near Mut was shown us by Demetrius Komnenos, a Greek of Lemnian origin, one of the half-dozen best specimens of his race that I have known.

Between Claudiopolis and Seleuceia we found numerous small ruins in excellent preservation, and a small Greek village, Ala Ekklesia, which has preserved an unbroken existence through the Turkish period. Up to the present, however, we have failed to find any distinct proof of the chief object of our search, Diocaesarea-Prakana, which was somewhere near Seleuceia, on a road leading to Laranda. We are now starting on another road to look for any possible traces of it.

The ruins in Cilicia Tracheia (or Byzantine Isauria) are in wonderful preservation. The country is singularly picturesque, and the high lands come so close to the sea that one can have cool nights by going up a few hours from the coast. The roads, however, are very bad, and the time consumed in searching even a small district is great; and, unfortunately, time is wanting to us, as we are bound to spend a good deal in the Anti-Taurus region.

THE WEEK.

LORD TENNYSON celebrated his eighty-first birthday on Wednesday. A year ago, in honour of the day, MR. VILLIERS STANFORD devised a specially pleasant treat for the Poet Laureate—a performance of his fine setting of "The Revenge" by a trained choir in the garden at Aldworth. This year the day was marked in a different manner. Her Royal Highness the DUCHESS OF ALBANY made a journey to Aldworth House in order to lunch with the poet, and offer him her congratulations on his birthday. Everybody will be glad to know that his health is excellent, and that he is still working for the benefit of the readers of the future.

REPRESENTATIVES of University Extension have been discussing this week at Oxford the desirability, and the possibility, of securing for their enterprise

State aid. A strong case has been made out for the proposal, and its advocates boast that they have obtained the adhesion of so redoubtable an ally as MR. JOHN MORLEY. In small country centres, where the numbers are necessarily small, but the enthusiasm for education vigorous, the want of funds is a real and chronic difficulty in the way of rendering "Extension" teaching permanent. Oxford does much for the movement, and aids it, considering her ancient prejudices, with no illiberal hand. But Oxford cannot yet give all that is wanted; and in these days, looking at what the State does to help already, and at what the people expect it to do, the plea put forward for some subsidy to the University Extension movement seems, when considered, reasonable enough.

NOT the least creditable of the achievements of the movement is the conversion of the University authorities to its ways. The Vice-Chancellor and Proctors inaugurate its summer carnival. The schools are appropriated as its lecture halls; the colleges become its recreation grounds; the Union forms its club. Its students have adopted the University as their own; and this year, more than any other, there are signs that the summer meeting will be permanent, and will, in all probability, include within its ranks a steadily increasing percentage of workers and of men. Two delusions, it is true, still surround the system and pervade even its summer gatherings. One is that University Extension is intended chiefly for people of leisure. Another, which is the same in different shape, is that it is only a development of the "Higher Education of Women." When those two false theories are dispelled, and when everybody understands that University Extension is designed for busy people and as far as possible for working-men, we may look to its making way even more rapidly, and justifying even more brilliantly than hitherto the loyal support which the leaders of the old Universities have given to it.

THE Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge cannot be congratulated on its answer to MR. BESANT's charges, and the Bishops who sign it mingle the wisdom of serpents with the harmlessness of doves in very curious proportions. MR. BESANT's surrejoinder is crushing enough, but he has missed one point in his indictment. The S.P.C.K. not only sweats the unfortunate author; it unfairly damages the ordinary publisher. No doubt MR. BESANT thinks that this latter gentleman is well able to take care of himself; but his grievance may as well be stated.

THE ordinary publisher runs a certain risk in bringing out a book. A publishing society, backed up with the subscriptions of old ladies in the country, runs no risk at all. The subscriptions are intended to pay for the distribution of "good" literature. Now mark the result. The society prints 3,000 copies of a book and finds it can only dispose of 500 copies to the booksellers. How shall it avoid loss? Why, obviously, by "distributing" the remaining copies of a work which the public thinks little of, and paying itself out of the subscriptions. It would be interesting to have a table stating what books have been "distributed" by the S.P.C.K. during the last two years, and in what numbers; and another table showing how these books have sold in comparison with others published by the society. And if the society will oblige us on this point, will it go a step further and provide some other Bishops to sign the statement this time?

THE *Globe* last Saturday in its column of "Literary Gossip" (What's Hecuba to the *Globe*, of all papers?) believes that MR. ANDREW LANG has "taken a general oversight over the literary gossip column

of THE SPEAKER." But indeed the "oversight" is all the *Globe's*. "This is by the way, however," pursues the paragraphist: which seems a trivial remark, until we note that "By the Way" is the title of the *Globe's* "funny" column.

ANYONE who wishes to see how heartily we English hate a poet, should turn to the daily papers and read their remarks on the "SWINBURNE incident" in the House of Commons. Because MR. SMITH does not read what he sells, and half a dozen Tory gentlemen had not heard of a particular bit of literature, there is joy throughout the land. The prospect of rejoicing over what MR. SMITH does not know is a wide one; but in view of the fact that we owe more glory to our poets than to our armies, and the reasonable probability that SWINBURNE will be quoted at least five hundred years after every gentleman on the front Ministerial bench is as if he had never been, it would be more decent to suppress our joy. We are no admirers of MR. SWINBURNE'S politics; but we looked for more generosity from the Liberal Press. The *Globe* says, "In this country we do not take our poets too seriously; we recognise their 'little ways' and smile indulgently at their caprices." This is a sweet picture. The *Globe* costs a penny only, and may therefore be considered a cheap corrective of national pride.

MUDIE'S Library and Bohemia (Heaven smile upon this fair conjunction!) having excluded TOLSTOI'S "Kreutzer Sonata," the United States are following suit, and a hearty persecution of the small volume is going forward. We read in a Dalziel's telegram that "JOSEPH BRITTON, the chief of a new society at New York for the suppression of vice, taking his cue from the refusal of the New York authorities to permit the 'Kreutzer Sonata' to pass through the mails, yesterday bought twelve novels with attractive titles at the headquarters of the New York News Company, and after reading them decided that five of them were immoral," with the result that the manager of the Company and two clerks were flung into prison, and 1,244 books were seized, including some copies of the "Kreutzer Sonata." There is no doubt, we suppose, that MR. JOSEPH BRITTON is wiser than most men, and really knows vice when he sees it. The titles that attracted him were: "The Devil's Daughter," "Thou Shalt Not," and "Speaking of Ellen." The first is strong enough to attract even the amateur "suppressor"; it is easy to see why the second was purchased; but we confess that to have bought "Speaking of Ellen" proves a highly educated nose for vice. Ninety-nine men in a hundred would have passed it by as merely virtuous. Meanwhile the "Kreutzer Sonata" gains publicity.

CLIFTON COLLEGE is losing its head master; but it will retain one enduring memorial of him at least. He found a school-chapel of brick; he leaves one of marble. By degrees he has converted a building which had no grace but that of proportion into one of the fairest edifices of its kind in England. The mosaic designed for this chapel by MR. HOLMAN HUNT is fully explained by the venerable artist in this month's *Contemporary*. We have the authority of the *Pall Mall Gazette* for stating also that MR. HUNT is just finishing his "May Morning on Magdalen Tower," after an enormous amount of labour; and we hope that Magdalen College will show spirit and buy the picture. The May morning celebration is one of the few ceremonies of old Oxford that still excite enthusiasm; for many of the most characteristic take place out of term time; as, for instance, the presentation of the boar's head at Queen's College. The great tower itself and the Founder's Tower are always crowded, and the street

below is full of people, in spite of the preposterous hour at which the sun rises on May 1st, and the shoal of small boys with tin horns, who completely drown the voices of the choristers high above.

OUT of 1,500 pictures at the Academy 227 only have been sold. This, however, does not include the many portraits painted on commission, and, of course, there are many destined "for my friend So-and-So" which do not count. If few have bought, many have paid to see—as many, says the *St. James's Gazette*, as have been attracted by the Salon and the Champ de Mars together, if one may judge by the receipts. But one must not judge by the receipts, seeing that the Salons are open free on Sundays; and it is only fair to remember how much longer the English exhibition lasts.

MR. FRITH, with a view to the contemplated biography, is anxious to receive communications from anyone who possesses a scrap of special information about the deeds, ways, or works of JOHN LEECH. It is singular to note how long the artists who have delighted us week by week for many years have to wait for gratitude. JOHN LEECH died in the fullness of his vigour—hurdy-gurdies killed him—and he did not die rich. "In LEECH'S day," says MR. SALA this week, "draughtsmen on wood and even etchers were poorly paid. I wonder whether I am underestimating the artistic tariff of the past in saying that GEORGE CRUIKSHANK rarely received more than ten guineas for a full octavo page etching, and that when SIR JOHN GILBERT was a young man he readily accepted a guinea for a vignette drawing on wood." It is only when MR. CHARLES KEENE has gone from us (may the day be distant!) that we shall set due store by his marvellous work in black-and-white—work which at present meets with more recognition abroad than at home. Frenchmen rave over his renderings of landscape; but to the ordinary reader of *Punch* his drawings have come too regularly to be properly appreciated. They have unfortunately been missing for the last week or two. MR. KEENE has been ill for some time, but, we are glad to say, has almost recovered.

THAT some people have not yet had enough of MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF and her "true inwardness" may be gathered from the fact that her letters are about to be published in Paris. It will be interesting to observe whether the frank unreserve she displays in her journal was shown in her correspondence with her friends.

AUTHORS, like other men, have "gone out of town" during the past week in surprising numbers, and the literary clubs are consequently almost as empty as those devoted to the politicians—indeed, the Athenæum has shut its doors for some weeks to come. Scotland has attracted, among others, MR. GEORGE MEREDITH and MR. LANG; Dover has been selected by MR. JAMES PAYN as the scene of his autumn vacation; MR. WILLIAM BLACK is about to start for the Mediterranean, accompanied by his family; MR. JOHN MORLEY left town on Wednesday, like a wise man leaving no address behind him—but really the list of the men who have fled from the London pavements is too long to be repeated here. It would be an easier task to enumerate those who remain, for not a few prefer London in August as the best of all places for getting through work that must be done. Of such, as a rule, is MR. HENRY JAMES; MR. BRET HARTE is another, and MR. LEWIS MORRIS, who has "passed the proofs" of his new volume of poems, is a third.

SAD is the wail of the American actor who comes over with a trumpery play, and when it fails

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

signally, accuses London critics of seeing "no good in anything that comes out of America." The critics very naturally dislike a piece which has been clumsily contrived for the benefit of a particular comedian, and is therefore, in the language of which MR. NAT GOODWIN is a master, "a one-horse concern." But as for this alleged decrying of everything that comes out of America, there is a considerable list of American players who can tell a very different story.

THE RETURN OF JOANNA.

HIGH and low, rich and poor, in Troy Town there are seventy-three maiden ladies. Under this term, of course, I include only those who may reasonably be supposed to have forsworn matrimony for life. Of the seventy-three, the two Misses Lefanu stand first, as well from their age and extraction (their father was an Admiral and M.P. for the borough before the Reform Bill) as because of their house, which stands in Fore Street, and is faced with polished Luxulyan granite—the same that was used for the Duke of Wellington's coffin in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Miss Susan Lefanu is eighty-five; Miss Charlotte has just passed seventy-six. They are extremely small, and Miss Bunce looks after them. That is to say, she dresses them of a morning, arranges their chestnut "fronts," sets their caps straight, and takes them down to breakfast. After dinner (which happens in the middle of the day) she dresses them again and conducts them for a short walk along the Esplanade. In the evening she brings out the Bible and sets it the right way up for Miss Susan, who begins to meditate on her decease; then sits down to a game of *écarté* with Miss Charlotte, who as yet has not turned her thoughts upon mortality. At ten she puts them to bed. Afterwards, "the good Bunce"—who is fifty, looks like a grenadier, and wears a large mole on her chin—takes up a French novel, fastened by a piece of elastic between the covers of Baxter's "Saint's Rest," and reads for an hour before retiring. Her pay is fifty-two pounds a year, and her attachment to the Misses Lefanu a matter of inference rather than perception.

One morning in last May, at nine o'clock, when Miss Bunce had just arranged the pair in front of their breakfast-plates, and was sitting down to pour out the tea, two singers came down the street, and their voices—a man's and a woman's—though not young, accorded very prettily:—

"Citizens, toss your pens away!
For all the world is mad to-day—
Cuckoo—cuckoo!
The world is mad to-day."

"What extraordinary words for a pair of street singers!" Miss Bunce ejaculated, setting down the tea-pot. But as Miss Charlotte was busy cracking an egg, and Miss Susan in a sort of coma, dwelling perhaps on death and its terrors, the remark went unheeded.

"Citizens, doff your coats of black,
And dress to suit the almanack,
Cuckoo—"

The voices broke off, and a rat-tat sounded on the front door.

"Say that we never give to beggars, under any circumstances," murmured Miss Susan, waking out of her lethargy.

The servant entered with a scrap of crumpled paper in her hand. "There was a woman at the door who wished to see Miss Lefanu."

"Say that we never give—" Miss Susan began again, fumbling with the note. "Bunce, I have on my gold-rimmed spectacles, and cannot read with them, as you know. The black-rimmed pair must be upstairs, on the—"

"How d'ye do, my dears?" interrupted a brisk voice. In the doorway stood a plump middle-aged

woman, nodding her head rapidly. She wore a faded alpaca gown, patched here and there, a shawl of shepherd's plaid stained with the weather, and a nondescript bonnet. Her face was red and roughened, as if she lived much out of doors. "How d'ye do? I'm Joanna."

Miss Bunce rose, and going discreetly to the window, pretended to gaze into the street. Joanna, as she knew, was the name of the old ladies' only step-sister, who had eloped from home twenty years before and (it was whispered) had disgraced the family. As for the Misses Lefanu, being unused to rise without help, they spread out their hands as if stretching octaves on the edge of the table and feebly stared.

"Joanna," began the elder tremulously, "if you have come to ask charity—"

"Bless your heart, no! What put that into your head?" She advanced and took the chair which Miss Bunce had left, and resting her elbows on the table, regarded her sisters steadily. "What a preposterous age you both must be, to be sure! My husband's waiting for me outside."

"Your husband?" Miss Charlotte quavered.

"Why, of course. Did you suppose, because I ran away to act, that I wasn't an honest woman?" She stretched out her left hand; and there was a thin gold ring on her third finger. "He isn't much of an actor, poor dear. In fact, not to put too fine a point on it, he has been hissed off two-and-thirty stages in Great Britain alone. Indeed, he's the very worst actor I ever saw, although I don't tell him. But as a husband he's sublime."

"Are there—" Miss Susan began, and broke down. "Are there," she tried again, "are there—any—children?"

"Ah, my dear, if there were, I might be tempted to repent."

"Don't you?" jerked out Miss Bunce, turning sharply from the window. There was a certain sharp emotion in the question, but her face was in the shadow. Joanna regarded her for a moment or two and broke into a laugh.

"My dears, I have been an actress and a mother. I retain the instincts of both,—though my little one died at three months, and no manager will engage me now, because I refuse to act unless my husband has a part. Theoretically, he is the first of artists; in practice—You were asking, however, if I repent. Well, having touched the two chief prizes within a woman's grasp, I hardly see how it is likely. I perceive that the object of my visit has been misinterpreted. To be frank, I came to gloat over you."

"Your step-sisters are at least respectable," Miss Bunce answered.

"Let us grant that to be a merit," retorted Joanna: "Do I understand you to claim the credit of it?"

"They are very clean, though," she went on, looking from one to the other, "and well preserved. Susan, I notice, shows signs of failing; she has dropped her spectacles into the tea-cup. But to what end, Miss—"

"Bunce."

"To what end, Miss Bunce, are you preserving them?"

"Madam, when you entered the room I was of your way of thinking. Book after book that I read"—Miss Bunce blushed at this point—"has displayed before me the delights of that quick artistic life that you glory in following. I have eaten out my heart in longing. But now that I see how it coarsens a woman—for it is coarse to sneer at age, in spite of all you may say about uselessness being no better for being protracted over much time—"

"You are partly right," Joanna interrupted, "although you mistake the accident for the essence. I am only coarse when confronted by respectability. Nevertheless, I am glad if I reconcile you to your lot."

"But the point is," insisted Miss Bunce, "that a lady never forgets herself."

"And you would argue that the being liable to forget myself is only another development of that very character by virtue of which I follow Art. Ah, well!"—she nodded towards her step-sisters—"I ask you why they and I should be daughters of one father?"

She rose and stepped to the piano in the corner. It was a tall Collard, shaped, above the key-board, like a cupboard. After touching the notes softly, to be sure they were in tune, she drew over a chair, and fell to playing Schumann's "Warum?" very tenderly. It was a tinkling instrument, but perhaps her playing gained pathos thereby, before such an audience. At the end she turned round: there were tears in her eyes.

"You used to play the 'Osborne Quadrilles' very nicely," observed Miss Susan, suddenly. "Your playing has become very—very—"

"Disreputable," suggested Joanna.

"Well, not exactly. I was going to say 'unintelligible.'"

"It's the same thing." She rose, kissed her step-sisters, and walked out of the room without a look at Miss Bunce.

"Poor Joanna!" observed Miss Susan, after a minute's silence. "She has aged very much. I really must begin to think of my end."

* * * * *

Outside, in the street, Joanna's husband was waiting for her—a dark, ragged man, with a five-act expression of face.

"Don't talk to me for a while," she begged. "I feel as if I had been among ghosts."

"Ghosts?"

"They were much too dull to be real; and yet—Oh, Jack, I feel glad for the first time that our child was taken! I might have left him there."

"What shall we sing?" asked the man, turning his face away.

"Something pious," Joanna answered with an ugly little laugh, "since we want our dinner. The public has still enough honesty left to pity piety." She stepped out into the middle of the street, facing her sisters' windows, and began, the man's voice chiming in at the third bar—

"In the sweet by-and-bye

We shall meet on that be—yeautiful shore." . . .

Q.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE "BOBBIES" OF LITERATURE.

DEAR SIR,—On nine occasions out of ten a young recruit may hold his tongue and be glad of it afterwards. But when his superior officers begin to squabble among themselves and bandy unworthy adjectives in public places, he may be pardoned for thinking that the exception, the occasion for speech, has at length arrived. And I am asking you to admit a protest and a plea, since the quarrel began and has, in great part, been allowed to continue, in your pages.

Mr. Grant Allen, in a *causerie* that drew much attention, accused his fellow-novelists of revelling in blood. Mr. Hall Caine retorted, defending blood-shed; and the defence, though possibly superfluous, was not offensive: but he went on to fling about charges of effeminacy and impurity, until his offensiveness far outdid that of Mr. Allen. A very pretty set-to was the result, and it is not over yet.

It is to be noted that both these gentlemen agree on the corruption of fiction, though they dispute over its symptoms. They differ also in their bearing in face of the evil, somewhat characteristically. Mr. Allen implies vaguely that he carries a specific, in the form of a terrifically strong opinion, somewhere up his sleeve, but hesitates to produce it for fear of martyrdom. Mr. Caine implies more boldly that the cure lies in writing and reading books like "The Bondman." I may say at once that on this point I find it impossible to answer Mr. Caine.

But, in the first place, does the corruption exist? I submit that it does so only to the parochial mind. The *Iliad* is as "bluggy" a work as may be found, and contains nice details of slaughter such as no author of my acquaintance—no, not Mr. Haggard—has the courage to emulate nowadays. The story of Ugolino is realistic, and *Hamlet* sanguinary, beyond all modern taste. But are Homer and Dante poets of decadence? or does

Shakespeare mark a decline from the palmy days of tragedy when Medea might not kill her children in view of the audience? It is typical of the parochial mind to warn writers off this and that subject. One critic will have nothing said about the Sixth Commandment, another will enforce silence on the Seventh. I plead that every inch of life shall be open to Fiction; that all experiment shall be allowed to her; that after the experiment has been made, and not till then, shall critics pronounce upon her success or failure. Take the case of Mr. Hall Caine's "adulterous woman." Suppose that nine hundred and ninety-nine writers have failed on this subject; that only proves the difficulty, not the unlawfulness, of the attempt. Who is Mr. Caine that he should put up sign-boards about the world, and warn off Art—his own Art, be it remarked, the Art he should serve rather than dictate to—as a trespasser?

For the moment we may leave unnoticed the fore-doomed futility of these sign-boards. It concerns us more that Mr. Grant Allen and Mr. Hall Caine—themselves writers—should be the men to set them up. Their action smacks of treachery. We have not yet so thoroughly exorcised the evangelical spirit, the spirit that looks askance at fiction as a naughty thing to be classed with "play-acting," that we can afford to fall to bickering among ourselves. To us, the rank and file of novelists, who will allow no limits to the conquests of the art we follow, it seems a painful and unblest thing that two of our officers should go over to our enemies for lack of faith. We would assert, what every true Liberal is asserting just now—the right of free speech; and, if you please, these two have turned policemen to keep us out of our Trafalgar Square. From the rank of artists they have depressed themselves to the level of the common "bobby," simply because they lack the catholic eye to recognise a brotherhood of aim among writers of differing styles, or that Fiction has a right to extend her fair domain beyond their own gardens.

By "lack of faith," I mean "lack of faith in their profession;" for of one at least it may be said that he has a plenty of belief in himself. And with the other, Mr. Grant Allen, I confess to having small patience. He is for ever hinting that he possesses mighty original notions that would startle us all if he only dared to produce them in this intolerant world. But, in sober truth, does he not exaggerate his danger of martyrdom? Or, if we admit that what answers to the faggot and stake nowadays would really be his lot if he spoke boldly, would he not do better to keep total silence? As it is, this writer who might (we have his word for it) speak with the tongue of men and angels, is content with utterances hardly distinguishable from those of the customary Philistine.

I think it well that these two writers should know what they have made themselves in the eyes of some of their younger brethren. Like a couple of mere "bobbies," or henchmen of some Vigilance Society, they have tried to lay hold on the freedom, which is also the dignity, of Fiction. It may seem presumptuous to you, Sir, if we claim an absolute freedom for her, and I would only remind you of the fate that overtook the persecutors of "Madame Bovary." But when two of her servants attempt to give laws to her, it is a pity—for them.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

A YOUNG NOVELIST.

THE NEXT HOME RULE BILL.

SIR,—I hardly expect that you will permit a wicked Liberal Unionist to take part in the very useful discussion started by Mr. J. Colquhoun Read in *THE SPEAKER*, and continued last week by Mr. Walker and Mr. Morton; but I will cast myself on your hospitality, and not feel at all aggrieved if it be refused. Both Mr. Walker and Mr. Morton consider the request that Mr. Gladstone should define his new scheme of Home Rule to be obviously unreasonable. But is it so? The change he desires to make in the Constitution of the United Kingdom is of the nature of a "Constitutional Amendment" in the United States. In America such an amendment would be thoroughly known to every man in the Union before it came to be voted on. Let us suppose the next General Election to give Mr. Gladstone a majority. In that case he will have to table his Bill. If defeated in the Commons, he will again appeal to the country. If, on the other hand, his Bill passes the Commons, it will be rejected by the Lords, and there will ensue also an appeal to the country—if not after the first rejection, certainly after the second. Then why not save time and put the main points of the Bill, if not the Bill itself, plainly and boldly before the country? The old methods are not suitable to the new suffrage. The electorate is now an enormous body, and requires much more time to consider and understand a grave question like this than when it was very limited in numbers. No doubt Mr. Gladstone has agreed to consider the proposal of retaining an Irish representation at Westminster together with a separate Irish Parliament in Dublin. Mr. Parnell and his followers do not particularly care for this arrangement, and it is not stated whether the Irish members, if retained at Westminster, are to vote equally with British members, or only on Imperial questions. This is clearly a most important point. It is a pure and startling innovation in our system of Government if their vote is limited; and if it is not limited, the

innovation is even more so. Mr. Morton says "The Bill of 1886 is dead;" but Mr. Gladstone's most trustworthy lieutenant has said, "It is not dead but sleepeth." British Home Rulers appear to me at present to be divided into three sections, each differing from the others quite as much as all differ from the Unionists. There are (1) those who still hold to the Bill of 1886, and are represented by Mr. John Morley, Lord Rosebery, and Lord Spencer, three very powerful personalities. I venture to think that not one of the three would join a Cabinet pledged to give Ireland a separate Parliament and yet retain the Irish representation at Westminster with either a limited or unlimited vote. Then there are (2) those who would retain the Irish members at Westminster as at present, preliminary to "Home Rule all round," such as Mr. Asquith and the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Finally there are those (3) who think some middle path possible by which the Irish members may be retained at Westminster with carefully limited powers, as a temporary measure, and these are perhaps best represented by Mr. Gladstone himself. This I conceive is a fair description of the present position of the Home Rule question, of which Mr. James Walker says:—"Surely it is well-nigh impossible to make people understand the position more clearly than Mr. Gladstone has striven to do, short of actually tabling his Bill now." Assuming that I have correctly stated Mr. John Morley's view, the difference between him and say Mr. Asquith is enormous and vital. Mr. Morley proposes merely to go back to an originally existing state of affairs in Ireland; to restore, in short, the old Irish Constitution, with a Gladstone Law in place of a Poyning's Law to control the Irish Parliament. Mr. Asquith desires to recast *ab initio* the whole Constitution of the United Kingdom, on the model apparently of the United States or the Swiss Confederation. THE SPEAKER, I take it, is inclined to support Mr. Morley; the *Pall Mall Gazette* boldly and rather wildly supports Mr. Asquith. The question is, which of these two essentially different Home Rule policies enjoys the support of Mr. Gladstone? Does he propose to lop off an alleged damaged bough from the British oak, or to cut down the tree and plant one of a different sort in its place? Writing in the *Universal Review*, July 17th, that fervent Gladstonian, Mr. E. A. Freeman, says:—"The ordinary British mind is slow to understand the wholly different position of an American State or a Swiss Canton supreme within its own range, and of an English county or French Department, whose institutions may be changed in a moment by the Legislature of the country." Why should those whose special doctrine it is to trust the people not give "the ordinary British mind" ample time to grasp this essential and important difference? I do not write as a partisan, but (to again quote Professor Freeman) "one is drawn to anything which offers even a chance of getting measures discussed and voted in Parliament or out of Parliament on their real merits, and not as they affect the interests of this or that Ministry." Liberal Union Club, August 5, 1890. E. D.

CYPRUS AND THE ARCHIVES OF VENICE.

SIR,—Adverting to your notice of the Venetian State Papers, Vol. VII., in your issue of to-day, I venture to suggest the desirability of preparing a calendar of the Venetian State Papers and MSS. relating to the Island of Cyprus in the sixteenth century. Mr. Cavendish Bentinck and his careful assistants have no doubt already had their attention called to this subject. The publication of such a calendar would be of great interest, as well as of historical value.—Yours faithfully,

3, Plowden Buildings, Temple,
August 2, 1890.

EDWARD ATKIN.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE.

Friday, August 8th, 1890.

THE actual effect produced by oratory is a subject—there are unfortunately many such—about which an infinity of nonsense is written. It is excessively difficult to get people to tell the truth about it. A tradition gets started, and grows and swells to most unreasonable dimensions. Oratory is the favourite art. A working man once confessed to me that he would sooner have been Sheridan than anybody else of whom any record exists.

Almost all accounts of orators are overdone. There is very little genuine criticism extant on this subject. I lately read in an American book a description of the oratorical manner and methods of the Rev. Joseph Cook. It read as follows:—

"Everybody, even on the back seats of the upper gallery, hears every word he speaks; his sentences are epigrammatic, but not

polished, hurled forth like stones from a catapult—not rounded and shining pebbles of marble or chalcedony, but rugged and often jagged masses of bedrock, ironstone, granite; his eloquence is a stream, not smooth-flowing, but fierce and tumultuous, like the Rhone, or the Niagara rapids and whirlpool beyond the falls; his logic is remorseless and effective as a lightning-bolt; he seems an intellectual gladiator, slashing down opponents with a battle-axe. Now and then his hands strike each other for emphasis—no pulpit or table at reach to receive the blow—with a resounding thwack; now his foot stamps the floor, like the tread of an impatient elephant, and you listen to hear if the floor-beams crack; now, at the climax of an impassioned outburst, he lowers his head like an angry bull at charge, swings up his fists to a level with his ears, thrusts them forward like battering rams, and roars out his resounding and thought-swaying sentences.

Such noisy nonsense makes one's head ache. We have never heard the Rev. Joseph Cook, but we are certain that his logic is not remorseless as a lightning-bolt or as effective; and though it may be true, though it is unkind to think so, that he occasionally bellows like a bull, stamps like an elephant, and butts like a ram, we do not believe that the words which he utters when so behaving himself are "thought-swaying."

This no doubt is an extreme example, but still it is an example of the way in which a sham criticism of oratory is made, and a false tradition circulated. That the Rev. Joseph Cook is an effective platform speaker is probably true, and perhaps the critic in question meant to say no more.

The tradition is not always complimentary. The working man who avowed himself the so intense admirer of Sheridan demurred to being Burke, on the ground that when Burke rose to speak in the House of Commons the members stole away and left him delivering his immortal orations to empty benches.

"Is it for that (no speeches read so well)

That when Burke spoke he was the dinner bell?"

This is a teasing, tiresome, troublesome tradition, which one would be as glad to be rid of as of the inflated and overdone descriptions of the oratory of Sheridan. It rests upon very little. Goldsmith's oft-quoted lines count for nothing:—

"Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing while they thought of dining."

The poet is here considering the orator's enthusiasm, which carried him along and made him forget he was addressing hungry men. The greatest orator that ever lived could never make the House of Commons forget it was a quarter to eight. It was never said of Burke that he was not a good speaker—so at least Dr. Johnson remarked one evening at Mrs. Montague's, where were assembled the most eminent literary men of the day—but only that he spoke too frequently and familiarly. On the first day in which Burke took his seat he made a speech which was listened to with delight, and I do not believe there was a time when it was otherwise. If ever there was a man well entitled to be regarded as a cool and cultivated critic of oratory, it was Gibbon, and Gibbon we all know sat in the House of Commons and heard Burke's great speech on Economical Reform; and what does he say of it?—

"I can never forget the delight with which that diffusive and ingenious orator Mr. Burke was heard by all sides of the House, and even by those whose existence he proscribed. The Lords of Trade blushed at their insignificance, and Mr. Eden's appeal to the two thousand five hundred volumes of our Reports served only to excite a general laugh. I take this opportunity of certifying the correctness of Mr. Burke's printed speeches, which I have heard and read."

The speech must have taken hours to deliver, and had Mr. Gibbon stated that not a man left his seat during the whole period, but that all sat still and spellbound and enchanted, I should have exercised my rights as a reader and not have believed him; but Gibbon was a sensible man (though of a plethoric habit of body and indisposed to move), and avoiding

all exaggeration tells us what it is impossible to doubt is the truth and nothing but the truth. But if so, what becomes of the tradition?

The tradition mainly rests, as has been lately pointed out with great clearness by Mr. William Willis, Q.C., in an admirable pamphlet on Burke, upon an anecdote in Mr. Rush's "Residence at the Court of London":—

"I asked Erskine about Burke's delivery. 'It was execrable,' said he. 'I was in the House of Commons when he made his great speech on American Conciliation—the greatest he ever made. He drove everybody away. I wanted to go out with the rest, but was near him and afraid to get up, so I squeezed myself down and crawled under the benches like a dog until I got to the door without his seeing me, rejoicing over my escape. Next day I went to the Isle of Wight. When the speech followed me there I read it over and over again. I could hardly think of anything else! I carried it about me and thumbed it until it got like wadding for my gun.'"

This is graphic, particularly the touch about the wadding for the gun. But Mr. Willis does not believe a word of it. He points out that the speech was delivered in 1775, and that Erskine did not get into Parliament till 1783. Strangers were not admitted into the gallery on the day of the speech, so Erskine could not even have been in the precincts; but, indeed, the paragraph, if true at all, can only be so if written by a member of Parliament in his place when Burke began to speak. This Erskine certainly was not. Rush probably misunderstood Erskine. Almost the last speech Erskine ever made was at Edinburgh, and in the course of it he said that the *only* reason why Burke's speeches against the American War "did not produce as general conviction as they did unmingled admiration" was the corruption of Parliament. This is inconsistent with the notion that no human being, including Erskine himself, could be got to listen to one of the noblest speeches that ever fell from the lips of man. It is the one blot in the first Lord Lytton's delightful poem, "St. Stephen's," which is full of admirable criticism of English orators, that it takes this traditional view of Burke as gospel:—

"Shakespeare, ill-acted, do you run to hear,
And Burke ill-spoken would you stay to cheer?"

It is time the pen was put through Rush's absurd anecdote, which is obviously as false as Barrère's "Report of the 21st Messidor, Year 2," as to the sinking of the *Vengeur*. If Mr. Willis has sent a lie to the father of it, he deserves our respectful thanks.

The fact no doubt is that Burke was a great, but owing to the affluence of his fancy, the intensity of his convictions upon subsidiary points, and his almost total lack of humour, occasionally a tiresome speaker. When at his best, there was nobody to approach him; but he was not always at his best. He was a lengthy speaker, and it is quite possible to be very proud of a great man's oratory and yet to prefer your dinner to it.

Erskine's oratory was of a very different complexion. It is dependent wholly, or almost wholly, upon tradition. His speeches can only be read in scraps and fragments, and even these will probably not long survive. In Crabb Robinson's "Reminiscences," an interesting book which some day will emerge from the heap of memoirs which have been piled upon the top of it during the last twenty years, the story is told how Robinson, whilst an articulated clerk in Colchester, at the Spring Assizes, 1791, heard Erskine for the first time.

"The subject of the trial was the validity of a will—Brsham v. Rivett. Erskine came down specially retained for the plaintiff, and Mingay for the defendant. The trial lasted two days. The title of the heir being admitted, the proof of the will was gone into at once. I have a recollection of many of the circumstances after more than fifty-four years, but of nothing do I retain so perfect a recollection as of the figure and voice of Erskine. There was a charm in his voice, a fascination in his eye, and so completely had he won my affection

that I am sure had the verdict been given against him I should have burst out crying. Of the facts and of the evidence I do not pretend to recollect anything beyond my impressions and sensations. My pocket-book records that Erskine was engaged two and a half hours in opening the case, and Mingay two hours and twenty minutes in his speech in defence. E.'s reply occupied three hours. The testatrix was an old lady in a state of imbecility. The evil spirit of the case was an attorney. Mingay was loud and violent, and gave Erskine an opportunity of turning into ridicule his imagery and illustrations. For instance, M. having compared R. to the Devil going into the Garden of Eden, E. drew a closer parallel than M. intended. Satan's first sight of Eve was related in Milton's words:—

'Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love;'

and then a picture of idiocy from Swift was contrasted. But the sentence that weighed on my spirits was a pathetic exclamation—"If, gentlemen, you should by your verdict annihilate an instrument so solemnly framed, *I should retire a troubled man from this court.*" And as he uttered the word *court* he beat his breast, and I had a difficulty in not crying out. When in bed the following night I awoke several times in a state of excitement approaching fear—the words '*troubled man from this court*' rang in my ears."

In this simple, truthful, and touching narrative, we read the power of Erskine—a power independent of fashion or style. An Erskine will always please.

A. B.

REVIEWS.

THREE NOVELS.

1. TWO ENGLISH GIRLS. By Mabel Hart. Two vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1890.
2. ALL HE KNEW. By John Habberton. London: James Clarke & Co.
3. NEMESIS. By Seyton Crewe. London: Eden Remington & Co. 1890.

THE quotation from Spenser on the title-page of "Two English Girls" gives the whole purport of the book:—

"Dearer is love than life, and fame than gold,
But dearer than them both your faith once plighted hold."

It is a study of comparative values. In the sketch of the old artist Vivaldi, forced to paint fruit and fish for Manchester millionaires instead of doing good work; in the story of Guido's treachery and the constancy of Ugo and Beatrice; and in the pathetic scene at the close of the second volume, we find the illustration and criticism of the couplet on the title-page. To some readers the form which Guido's treachery took may suggest a comparison with Mr. Anstey's excellent novel "The Giant's Robe;" and without doubt there is a certain similarity between the main ideas in the two books. But we do not think that a charge of plagiarism could be justified. It is equally probable that the idea may have been suggested by a certain famous libel case; and the author shows quite enough originality in other respects to make us believe it possible that she is not indebted here to Mr. Anstey nor to anyone else.

On the whole this is a most promising book. The author's ideals are noble; she shows a very fair sense of humour; her delineation of character is for the most part admirable, and her style is delicate and refined. But there are passages in the story in which it seems to us rather a pity that Miss Hart did not give herself more freedom, and allow herself to rise to the passions and emotions of her own characters. We are not asking for the love scene in gasps and the death-bed defiance of syntax; that is the other and easier extreme, with which too many novels this year have made us familiar. But there is a point where carefulness ceases to be a virtue. "Be carefully careless!" was the advice of a great American painter to the pupils in his studio. This occasional want of warmth and freedom may be due to the timorousness which is natural in a first book. There are two other faults which we may notice, and which should be very easy to correct. The author does not get on to her story soon enough; the material of the first part of the book is perilously slight. Secondly, the author is sometimes sarcastic where sarcasm has ceased to be

worth while. We cannot laugh any more at the hurried sight-seeing of Americans on the Continent, or at young men who wear strange raiment and talk culture; we have laughed till we are tired. The writing is for the most part so good that any defects stand out very plainly. We do not know if Miss Hart has intentionally taken any author as her model; but we should imagine that she was influenced to some extent by the works of George Eliot.

The story is not merely interesting; without any preaching or moralising, effectively and without pretension, it teaches much. The scene of the book is in Italy; its whole atmosphere is bright and clear. The fogs of theological controversy never obscure it. Its brightness is like the common sunlight; it is not the lurid glare of morbid and extravagant imagination. Stifled with the pastilles and putrefaction of fashionable realistic novels, one may well feel thankful for the pure air of such a book as "Two English Girls."

The seriousness of the age has overtaken Mr. Habberton, and "All he Knew" is the book which it has made him write. He has not the bitter pathos of Miss Olive Schreiner, or the force and eloquence of Mrs. Humphry Ward, or the gentle charm which was found in "John Ward, Preacher." "All he Knew" is obviously written with the very best intentions, but is dull, and frequently slipshod. The vulgarities of the society which it depicts are painful. An ex-convict—one of the few characters in the book who are not painful—has been converted, comes back to his native place, and tries to lead a better life. His form of Christianity is simple, genial, and attractive. He has a hard struggle at first; but gradually orthodoxy and respectability, hypocrisy and infidelity, go down before him. His simplicity, his humility, and his example, conquer all opposition or distrust. The incidents of the story are not very convincing; they have a made-to-order look. And it is very rarely that we come across some touch of humour which makes us remember that the author of this book once wrote "Helen's Babies." "All he Knew" is a story with a purpose, and it is no easy thing to write such a story well and impressively. An author is tempted, as in this case, to lapse into a series of improbabilities which ruin the story, and which only to the most thoughtless and uncritical reader can seem to offer any support whatever to the author's cause. To take one instance—the ex-convict, in spite of all his struggles to get an honest livelihood, reaches a very low ebb; just at that time a farmer gives him a waggon-load of firewood, a bag of flour, and a shoulder of bacon. The incident might have happened; it is not fair—it is hardly honest—to make use of it as an argument in a story. We have too many novels of this type, and "All he Knew" is very far from being the best of them.

It is very difficult to speak with patience of such a story as "Nemesis." There is proof in it that the author has wit, spirit, and some originality. There is enough story in the book for a three-volume novel. Yet the whole thing is ruined by bad taste, irreverence, and faults still worse. There is no reason why a writer should refrain from using the incidents which are to be found in this story; a more healthy and pleasing subject might perhaps be chosen, but the author is quite correct in saying that the record of such incidents is not immoral. There is every reason, however, why we should be spared the stupid and disgusting flippancy with which the author treats them; there is, for instance, no justification whatever for such a passage as is to be found in the third chapter. The book has other faults. It is crude and sketchy; the dialogue is often grotesquely unnatural. But the author, we believe, might very well have written a book equal to—possibly, better than—the average novel, could he only have avoided the sins against good taste and against good feeling which make "Nemesis" a contemptible and offensive work.

THOMAS DAVIS.

THOMAS DAVIS. The Memoirs of an Irish Patriot, 1840—1846. By Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, K.C.M.G. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1890.

SIR GAVAN DUFFY has written three books—"Young Ireland," "Four Years of Irish History," and now "Thomas Davis"—to vindicate his colleagues, and to show that they were constitutional agitators, seeking legislative independence, not separation. He would, indeed, say that Ballingarry was "an untoward incident"; and he would ridicule the notion of "taking Dublin Castle with cabbage stumps" as much as any "sagacious" Irish Whig who ever waded through corruption to office.

To bring about a union between England and Ireland on a basis worthy of a self-respecting nation—such was the aim of Young Ireland.

This is the case which Sir Gavan Duffy—really the founder of the Young Ireland movement—states; and which, he says, the life and work of Davis prove.

But who was Davis? This, we feel, is still the question which the average intelligent English reader will ask on opening Sir Gavan Duffy's interesting volume. Thomas Davis was born in Mallow, County Cork, on October 14, 1814.

Like some of the best of Irish patriots, he was a man of British blood. "My father," he tells us, "was a gentleman of Welsh blood, but his family had been so long settled in England that they were, and considered themselves, English. He held a commission in the British army. I am descended on my mother's side from a Cromwellian settler, whose descendants, though they occasionally intermarried with Irish families, continued Protestants, and in the English interest, and suffered for it in 1688. I myself was brought up a High Tory and an Episcopalian Protestant."

Davis had acted wisely in his early youth. He gave himself up to study, and kept free of politics. Entering Dublin University—an institution, by the way, which has been prolific in the production of rebels—in 1831, he graduated with distinction in 1836, and soon established a reputation for industry and learning. In 1837 he was called to the Bar, and in 1840 he may be said to have made his first public appearance, as Auditor of the famous College Historical Society. In 1841 Gavan Duffy made his acquaintance, also the acquaintance of his friend John Blake Dillon, the distinguished father of a distinguished son. "I was in town only for a few days to keep terms at the King's Inns, and had no opportunity of cultivating their acquaintance before returning to Belfast, where I then edited a bi-weekly newspaper. But they were so unlike all I had previously seen of Irish journalists, that I was eager to know more of them. On returning to Dublin in the spring of 1842, I met them in the hall of the Four Courts, and they put off their gowns and walked out with me to the Phoenix Park to have a frank talk about Irish affairs. We soon found that our purpose was the same—to raise up Ireland morally, socially, and politically, and put the sceptre of self-government in her hands. . . . I proposed that we should establish and conduct a weekly paper as organ of the opinions we held in common. Sitting under a noble elm in the Park, facing Kilmainham, we debated the project, and agreed on the general plan. I was to find the funds and undertake the editorship, and we were to recruit contributors among our friends."

So was founded the most brilliant and powerful of Irish journals—the *Nation*. Thenceforth the life of Davis is practically the history of that journal. On its work his fame must rest. And what did the *Nation* do?

It was Duffy who said, "Educate, that you may be free." This was the text from which the writers of the *Nation* preached. They rested the claims of Ireland on an historical basis. They taught the people to study the history of their country, and so to

lay the foundation of sound political knowledge. Some public leaders in Ireland opposed the National Schools as Government institutions. "Oh, don't oppose the National Schools," said Duffy; "let the Government teach the people to read and write; the *Nation* will teach them the rest."

The *Nation* urged all classes and creeds of Irishmen to unite in the struggle for legislative independence. But the union so sought was not brought about. Davis believed he could make patriots of Irish landlords; Dillon knew better. He wrote: "A Connaught landlord [he might have written an Irish landlord] sees but one object in creation, and that is himself. He alone is made for enjoyment—all things else are made for him. . . . As for patriotism, he either fears or laughs at it. A Connaught landlord has no country." Before the Union, Irish landlords were patriots. No doubt their patriotism was narrow and selfish, but still they felt they had a country. Since the Union they have ceased to be Irish; neither have they become English. Indeed, they "have no country." "An Irish landlord," wrote John Mitchel, "is a sponge filled in Ireland, and squeezed in England." "The Protestant gentry," wrote another Young Irelander, "were excellent patriots when they had everything their own way; and perhaps they will be excellent patriots again when they have nothing their own way."

Sir Gavan Duffy publishes a very interesting extract from a letter addressed by Davis to the Duke of Wellington, in which it is curious to note how the Young Irelander anticipated the principle of the Home Rule scheme of 1886. He wrote:—

"I do not seek a raw Repeal of the Act of Union. I want you to retain the Imperial Parliament with its imperial powers. I ask you only to disencumber it of those cares which exhaust its patience and embarrass its attention. I ask you to give to Ireland a Senate of some sort, selected by the people, in part or in whole; levying their customs and excise and other taxes; making their roads, harbours, railways, canals, and bridges; encouraging their manufactures, commerce, agriculture, and fisheries; settling their poor-laws, their tithes, tenures, grand juries, and franchises; giving a vent to ambition, an opportunity for knowledge, restoring the absentees, securing work, and diminishing poverty, crime, ignorance, and discontent. . . ."

"It is not impossible to combine an Irish legislature for local purposes with the integrity and foreign importance of the Empire. A local parliament granted soon, and in a kindly and candid spirit, would be fairly worked, and would conciliate that large and varied body, which from wisdom, or want, or patriotism, or ambition, are intolerant of having their local laws made, and their local offices filled, by Englishmen. . . ."

This was not the proposal of a rebel; and, indeed, it shows a moderation and wisdom with which, we fear, few people will feel disposed to credit Young Ireland.

But to understand the aims and methods of Davis, his prose works (collected, with an admirable memoir, by Mr. Rolleston) should be studied. To know how he moved his generation, his poems must be read. Davis died in 1845. In three short years he did the work by which he lives, and shall ever live, in the memory of his nation. He gave a noble example of self-sacrificing patriotism and of exalted aims; of an industry which never flagged, of a patience which could not be exhausted, and of a devotion to Ireland which ceased only with life. Of Sir Gavan Duffy's workmanship, we shall content ourselves with saying that the book is in every way worthy of the subject and of the author.

THE NON-CHRISTIAN RELIGIONS.

THE UNKNOWN GOD; OR, INSPIRATION AMONG PRE-CHRISTIAN RACES.
By C. Loring Brace. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1890.

SOME years ago Mr. Loring Brace published a volume under the title of "*Gesta Christi*." It was a most successful attempt to recount the triumphs of the Christian religion in the civilisation of man. Drawn from extensive and careful reading, it was full of information not to be had elsewhere in so accessible a form. But it was more than a compilation; the reader was charmed and elevated by the moral sympathy which pervaded it, his confidence was won

by the reserve and discrimination which controlled this sympathy, and secured for the volume a rank far above the ordinary eulogies of its subject. Having so successfully vindicated Christianity, Mr. Brace has turned very naturally to the moral and religious triumphs of other creeds. He has brought the same conscience and sympathy to bear upon them, with the same expertness in compilation. But we do not think he has achieved so great a success as before. For one thing, the new fields of his investigation are immeasurably larger; and for another, strange as it may seem to say, they are not so fresh. When "*Gesta Christi*" was published, the public had nothing of its kind in their hands; it opened up a pathway through a period of European history to which there was no other popular guide. But on other religions popular works abound, which for scientific thoroughness and moral appreciation are all that can be desired; and we imagine that the public will rather seek those complete and first-hand studies than the mere gleanings, however beautiful, which are all that the limits of Mr. Brace's chapters allow him to give upon each department of his vast subject. Nor is he always correct. An anachronism like that on page 11, where he appeals to the inscriptions of Dendera, a temple built in the last centuries B.C., as "chiselled before Moses and Abraham," and some misleading statements about the Akkadians, are apt to shake a student's confidence in Mr. Brace. Nor when we turn to the reviews and summaries do we obtain any greater satisfaction. Mr. Brace does not seem to be aware of the work that has been done of late in tracing the connection among the religions of various races, especially between the Semitic and the Aryan faiths. Yet surely it was essential to his aim—of showing us the similar spiritual development that takes place in every creed—to lay bare, or at least to suggest as far as possible, their historical relations.

But with these drawbacks and limitations, Mr. Brace's book is still most useful and inspiring. His shrewdness and sympathy have not gone for nothing. Some of his criticisms are very much to the point. That against Kuenen, and the theory that there was no monotheism in Israel before the prophets, was needed and is just. The remarks upon the immense superiority of form which the religious writings of the Hebrews show to those of other creeds, like Zoroastrianism and Buddhism, are also thoughtful and true. So are the remarks, though less original, upon the want, from which Stoicism suffered as a religious system, of a great and lovable personality. And when he comes to the "practical application" of his essay, in a chapter on "The Conversion of non-Christian Nations," Mr. Brace has some obvious, but none the less needed, advice to give to missionaries upon their attitude to the religions to whose devotees they are the heralds of Christianity. Mr. Brace would have this attitude to be much more sympathetic than it is usually supposed to be. To him the first aim of every missionary of Christ to the people of a lower religion, ought to be to discover and make use of whatever elements of truth he finds in this religion—as Paul, for instance, did at Athens. Now, it is probable that no intelligent missionary would neglect so obvious an advantage as is provided for him in the conscience in his heathen hearers of certain fundamental truths; but then he would also reply to Mr. Brace, that Mr. Brace did not realise the awful moral degradation of heathendom. It is all very well to ask missionaries to copy Paul's sympathetic method at Athens, but what of Paul's denunciations, in the Epistles to Rome and Corinth, of Gentile habits?

Mr. Brace's survey discovers three striking facts: the tendency of the best men of all religions towards monotheism; the power, which the great heathen creeds have shown, of inspiring a noble and disinterested morality; and the longing, from which almost no nation has been free, for a great human personality, who shall pass through the sufferings and temptations of this life victorious, an example for other men, a source of hope and life in their heart.

Where such a personality had not actually appeared in history, as in the case of Buddhism, men framed a vivid conception of him, as in the case of the Egyptian Osiris, the texts concerning whom form the most powerful part of the Egyptian religion; while it was undoubtedly the defect of a religion otherwise so noble as Stoicism, and the real reason of its failure, that it had no such personality to present to the faith of its followers. On all these points Mr. Brace is correct, instructive, and stimulating.

FRIEDRICH SCHLEGEL'S LETTERS TO HIS BROTHER.

FRIEDRICH SCHLEGEL'S BRIEFE AN SEINEN BRUDER AUGUST WILHELM. Herausgegeben von Dr. Oskar F. Walzel. Berlin: Speyer & Peters.

IF not so valuable a contribution to the history of the German Romantic School as might have been expected, this bulky and amorphous volume takes rank among the canonical writings of that not wholly undivine dispensation. It contributes to show how the new movement brought life to a languishing literature, and how, when the original impulse of creative energy was exhausted, the inspiration which had died as poetry remained a vivifying influence in criticism. The history of both the Schlegels is a typical instance of that metamorphosis of the poet into the scholar which even a genuine poet who falls short of the first rank is liable to undergo, which could not be escaped by even so very great a poet as Coleridge. Of Coleridge we are continually reminded; true though it may be that his intellect could have equipped half a dozen Friedrich Schlegels without apparent diminution. The spiritual kinship is not less evident on that account; it may almost be said that Coleridge summed up in himself all the tendencies of the German Romantic School, and effected singly for England what it accomplished for Germany. The one point in which he compares unfavourably with the Schlegels is the lack of that stubborn industry which, when the gift of original invention had deserted them, gave them a new lease of influence as Orientalists. There is frequently more in one of Coleridge's desultory remarks than in pages of either Schlegel; but in the mortal one respects the diligent and well-directed effort of which the heaven-born genius was incapable.

The contrast between the Romantic Schools of England and Germany thus suggested by this volume is a continual pleasure; nor the less so as, notwithstanding some exquisite inspirations of Tieck, and the evidence of a great immature force in Novalis, the palm of imaginative achievement incontestably belongs to England. On the biographical side the collection is less interesting than might have been expected, owing to the destruction of all August Schlegel's share of the correspondence, which deprives Friedrich's of an indispensable commentary. The general relations of the parties appear hazy, and to fairly master the situation recourse must be had to such auxiliaries as Haym's History of the Romantic School, and the still more voluminous correspondence of its high priestess, Caroline von Schlegel. Friedrich's quarrel with this gifted but mischief-making woman broke up the Romantic School as a *coterie*, though its leaven, combined with similar tendencies in the writings of Goethe, Scott, and Coleridge, works to this day, and its revival holds out the only apparent prospect of the redemption of German literature from the prevailing commonplace and materialism. Friedrich Schlegel's work, therefore, is not yet done; but after the rupture with his brother in 1801, he ceases to be prominent as an original force in literature, while achieving new distinction as an Orientalist. The breach was apparently healed, but the correspondence never regained its vivacity, and, after years of languor, revives only to expire amid harsh reproaches from the more prosperous brother, and fruitless demands for the return of borrowed money.

AMERICAN VIEWS OF THE EARTH.

ASPECTS OF THE EARTH: A POPULAR ACCOUNT OF SOME FAMILIAR GEOLOGICAL PHENOMENA. By N. S. Shaler, Professor of Geology in Harvard University. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1890.

CHARACTERISTICS OF VOLCANOES; WITH CONTRIBUTIONS OF FACTS AND PRINCIPLES FROM THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS. By James D. Dana. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, & Rivington.

MR. SHALER, who is well known to the American scientific world as Professor of Geology in Harvard University, has given in this volume—part of which is reprinted from *Scribner's Magazine*—a favourable specimen of a kind of book that is now becoming common, a popular treatment of scientific topics, popular in so far as it eschews technicalities, but scientific in its method and exactitude. It is a pity when this sort of enterprise is undertaken, as it often is, by men who are themselves mere sciolists, popularisers of what they have never fully mastered. There is therefore satisfaction in finding a genuine scientific method and scientific accuracy placed at the service of unskilled readers. The topics which Mr. Shaler has chosen admit of a comparatively popular handling. The first is the stability of the earth, with remarks on earthquakes; the next, volcanoes; the third, caverns, as well in their historic—and prehistoric—as in their physical bearings; the action of rivers, and formation of valleys and deltas; the instability of the atmosphere; the history of forests, and their effects on a region and its inhabitants; the origin and nature of soils. Thus the note of the book, besides the popular and easily intelligible method of treatment, is the explanation of the more recent and familiar phenomena of geology—those which the ordinary traveller or tourist can hardly help noticing; those which have given the finishing touch to the earth's surface, leaving it fit for the habitation of men. In this sense, geological science is the foundation, not only of botany and zoology, but even of history, for it helps us to comprehend and picture to ourselves the conditions under which the formation and development of human society began.

A good instance may be found in Mr. Shaler's chapter on Caverns, where, after explaining the physical origin of caves, he points out why, in America, where they are quite as abundant as in Europe, they have nevertheless been less used either by man or by wild beasts, and therefore have preserved for us less evidence of the primitive fauna and of the habits of our remote ancestors. The first inhabitants of America appear, when they entered it, or at least when they occupied the Mississippi and Ohio valleys, to have been already in a higher stage of civilisation than were the cave-dwellers of ancient Europe, and therefore used rock hollows less as places of habitation; while the comparative rarity of powerful carnivora in America led to caves being much less used as places into which to drag prey to be leisurely consumed; hence the comparative paucity of bone accumulations in American grottoes.

Another instance of even wider bearing is furnished by the chapter on the Forests of North America. The author distinguishes three epochs in the relation of forests to man. The first is that in which they are his home, he being himself, it would seem, probably of arboreal origin, and having continued to abide in the forest even when he had ceased to make his dwelling in the branches. The next is that in which, having addressed himself to agriculture, he is obliged to destroy the trees, partly by fire (as the natives of South-East Africa do today), partly by stone, and then by bronze tools. In the third, which civilised man has now reached, he finds that the destruction of ancient woods has gone too far, and must needs take steps to guard and to prevent the waste of what remains, not only lest his supply of timber run low, but because it is on forests that the amount of rainfall largely depends: it is forests that arrest the too

rapid carrying off of soil from the slopes of hills, and save large areas from sterilisation.

"It is unhappily impossible for us so to manage the store of utilities which the other affords that there shall be no diminution of the supply for ages to come. It is probable that the supply of coal will have in good part disappeared by the year 3000; and in the fourth millennial period of our era, a time less remote in the future than the birth of Christ in the past, the metals now in use will have to be won with great difficulty, if obtained at all. Still, we may trust the advance of knowledge and skill to compensate for these losses; solar energy may be trusted to afford heat, and aluminium to take the place of iron; and the world may be the better for the change which forced a rustless metal and a dustless fuel into use. At any rate, we see that the supply of mineral resources of the earth necessary for our successors may be prolonged for a time in the future which is far beyond our power to conceive. It is otherwise with the soil-covering of the earth's surface. So far as one can see, that is the least enduring and least replaceable of any of those features on which the life of the earth depends. It is the harvest of the past, and, once destroyed, it cannot be supplied save by the slow process of the ages" (pp. 259-60).

The remarks and counsel with which Mr. Shaler follows up his interesting discourse on forests and their functions in the economy of nature, though primarily applicable to North America, have no small importance for Europe and for India. The volume is one nearly the whole of which may be profitably studied by the non-scientific reader who is curious about nature and observant of her workings.

Mr. Dana's book on volcanoes is another evidence of the energy which the Americans have of late years displayed in scientific work, and which has been conspicuous in no field more than in that of geology. They have the advantage of a vast and untrodden field thrown open to them in the western part of their own continent, and they have profited by their opportunities to raise the level of scientific attainment in their own country, and establish a claim on the respect of those who cultivate the study of Nature in the more exhausted soil of Europe. No department of geology is more fascinating to the semi-scientific student than "Vulcanology," for he can understand it with less special research than many other branches, such, for instance, as those presupposing a familiarity with fossils require; and it connects itself with remarkable pieces of scenery, which he who has travelled even a little may probably have seen. Mr. Dana, however, writes for the professional geologist rather than, like Mr. Shaler, for the intelligent "general reader." His account of the Hawaiian volcanoes, and particularly of Kilauea, is minute and exact, and illustrated by numerous cuts, useful though not artistic. It is a valuable account, for no volcano changes more frequently than Kilauea; and certainly none of equal size and power is so easily observed, and therefore furnishes so many data for the study of volcanic phenomena in general. Apart altogether from its high scientific interest, it affords the most superb display of natural forces in the whole world which a traveller can reckon on seeing. Other volcanoes have occasional eruptions of equal or greater magnitude, but Kilauea is almost always in a state of eruption, and its lava fountains can be visited with perfect ease and safety. Mr. Dana investigates carefully the phenomena of recent eruptions, and casts a good deal of fresh light upon them. Some he does not profess to solve. One is the destination of the lavas which escape from the great crater by a subterranean outlet. It is believed that they pass through some hidden channel to the sea, and are ejected under its surface; but though a great ejection of this kind must have taken place in 1886, the spot seems uncertain. Another is the nature of the flames which play over the surface of the liquid lava lake of Halemaumau. Mr. Dana's authorities speak of them usually as bluish, but to our own recollection they are rather of a greenish-yellow hue, appearing for a moment, where the surface of the lake breaks at the beginning of the rise of a lava fountain, as if they were escaping from a bursting gas bubble. The most peculiar feature of the Hawaiian volcanoes generally, of Mokuaweomeo no less than of Kilauea—viz.,

the extreme fluidity of their basaltic lavas, which has created cones rising at an extremely low angle—is well explained. Mauna Loa shows as a sort of mound with an average inclination less than that of St. James's Street. The book is a contribution of considerable value to the history of what is probably the most singular volcanic area on the earth's surface, and makes the reader wish, as everyone who has visited Kilauea must have wished, that a permanent vulcanological observatory could be established on the edge of the crater, and manned by one or two competent men of science.

THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE. By E. Ray Lankester. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

THIS book is published opportunely. Since it appeared, the author, who stands in the foremost ranks of English biologists, has been appointed to a professorship at Oxford. He has thus just entered upon a position in which much may be done to promote the "Advancement of Science," and this lends additional interest to a collection of his essays under that title.

The lectures and articles which Professor Lankester has brought together into one volume have been published during the last ten or twelve years in one or other of the magazines or in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Several are on technical biological subjects, which are treated in a very suggestive and interesting way. Others deal with the position taken by science in this country, and it is on these we propose to dwell.

The first essay is the lecture delivered before the British Association on "Degeneration." By means of several striking instances, the lesson is driven home that there are creatures which have retrograded in the scale of being. The mammoth and the dodo have met with an honourable fate. Life became too hard for them, and they died. But some wretched races have made the fatal discovery of methods by which food and safety might be very easily obtained. Often it has been by pillage. They have become parasitic, and when once a position of comfortable dependence is secured, the organs required for an active, independent existence wither by disuse. "Away go legs, jaws, eyes, and ears; the active, highly gifted crab, insect, or annelid, may become a mere sac, absorbing nourishment and laying eggs."

The application of this striking fact to the body politic is obvious. The fate which has overtaken inferior races may befall classes of men, nations, or mankind as a whole. The assumption of universal progress is, according to Professor Lankester, an "unreasoning optimism," and he tells us that "the full and earnest cultivation of science—the Knowledge of Causes—is that to which we have to look for the protection of our race—even this English branch of it—from relapse and degeneration."

We are perhaps as fully alive as Professor Lankester himself to the importance of science, but we must confess to a doubt as to whether it is a specific against national decay. If we may reason by analogy from inferior beings to mankind, we may surely regard the individual man as typical of the race. If so, is it true that the Knowledge of Causes is the only or even the best preservative against degeneration? Most of us know some who have been ruined, and whose ruin is the more hopeless because the acts which led to it were performed with full knowledge of their meaning and probable results.

"Though I understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; . . . and have not charity, I am nothing," is the form in which the truth was once stated, and though the words too often fall on ears dulled by long reiteration, it is none the less a fact that moral as well as intellectual qualities are

essential to victory in the struggles which all must share.

To do Professor Lankester justice, however, though the peroration to the lecture on degeneration gives but a one-sided view of the facts, it is the view which it is most necessary to impress upon the English people. We are too apt to assume that any deficiency of knowledge or adequate preparation on our part, will be made good, when an emergency arises, by English energy, bravery, or practical ability.

With this national weakness in view, it is satisfactory to note that although all Professor Lankester's essays are comparatively recent, some of the shortcomings with which he reproaches us have already been made good.

It was discreditable that while in 1883 France, Holland, Italy, and the United States, had seaside laboratories specially constructed for the study of marine organisms, the British coast was at that time "entirely destitute of any such home of research." It is reassuring to learn from an Appendix that there is now a well-equipped laboratory at Plymouth, which has already "been the means of adding important facts to our knowledge of that most valuable food-fish, the common sole." The initial cost has been about £12,000; the annual expenditure is £1,250.

It is, however, almost ridiculous to compare this moderate outlay with the complicated machinery which had to be set in motion to procure funds. The War Office, the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, the Corporation of London, the Fishmongers', Clothworkers', Drapers', Mercers', Goldsmiths', and Grocers' Companies, the Royal, the Zoological, and the Royal Microscopical Societies, the British Association, private benefactors, and the great council of the nation assembled in Parliament, had all to be invoked, and had all to give aid before the people which boasts that it "rules the waves" could undertake a formal investigation of the living wealth which they conceal.

This brings us to the subject of another of Professor Lankester's essays, the relation between "Biology and the State," or, in more general terms, the provision for the promotion of scientific research in this country. On this the democracy has yet much to learn. It is willing that money should be spent to educate the people. It too often regards one of the highest results of education—the extension of knowledge—as a form of self-advertisement, which is amply rewarded by a little cheap applause. It shrinks from the scenes of physical violence which accompanied the struggle for existence around the gates of the docks. It looks on complacently at the more orderly struggle of the examination room, which is to open to the victors the road to the higher education. But, provided the fray is fairly fought, it knows and cares little what the higher education thus attained may be. Nay, with a strange want of logic, it regards those who attain it as deserters from the ranks of the masses to the classes. It applauds the passage of a boy by successive steps from the elementary school to the University; but when in a few years he emerges as a teacher, it grudges him the salary and the leisure which can alone make his teaching effective.

It cannot, therefore, be too often asserted that, apart from the effects of culture on himself, the education of a scientific man has two main objects. First, that he should be able to hand on to others the knowledge he has himself received from others; secondly, that he should be able to transmit to posterity some additional contributions of his own. Professor Lankester clearly distinguishes between the duties of the teacher and the investigator—duties which can be combined, and which are mutually helpful, provided neither class is allowed to overwhelm the other. We heartily agree with all that he says about the desirability of establishing some institution like the Collège de France, the professors of which are investigators first and teachers afterwards. But, after all, what is chiefly needed is an apprecia-

tion by the English people of the importance of research.

There are now scattered up and down the country a number of colleges, supplied with the buildings, if not always with the apparatus, necessary for accurate investigation. The professors have gained their positions after competition of the severest kind. They are picked men; and many of them do, more of them could, add to knowledge. Probably, however, there is hardly one of them who does not feel that his teaching is impaired by the very fact that it is regarded by his employers as the one thing needful. Time and strength are spent and wasted in trying to meet demands with which no one man, however competent, can properly deal.

Elaborate schemes for the endowment of research would be less urgent if the managers of such colleges were ready to recognise the fact that by encouraging the self-cultivation of their staff they indirectly but most potently promote the cultivation of their students. It would be easy to determine in each case how and when help could best be given. The Royal Society distributes grants in aid of research to persons whose qualifications are properly attested, and who are engaged on inquiries which seem likely to bear fruit. How often or how seldom does it occur to the council of a college, that the fact that a young professor has obtained such a grant is a reason for relieving him as far as possible from unnecessary drudgery, and for supplying him with assistants qualified to help him in his work?

When once it is fully recognised how much the teaching of a man who possesses the essential qualities of a good teacher is elevated, how much more likely he is to attract students, how much better he commands their attention, if he is also a successful investigator, the endowment of research will be largely accomplished by the spontaneous action of those who are fortunate enough to command the services of "researchers" whom they can endow.

A HANDBOOK OF ROMAN HISTORY.

THE SANCTA RESPUBLICA ROMANA. A Handbook to the History of Rome and Italy, A.D. 395—888. By Richard Heber Wrightson, M.A. London: Henry Frowde. 1890.

THE title of this book is good, impressing as it must do in the mind of the least attentive reader the fact that the Roman Empire, even when it was most obviously tending towards a mere autocracy, still believed itself to be something very different from the Asiatic and African monarchies over some of whose dominions it ruled, still persuaded itself, and partly persuaded the world, that it was the veritable continuation of the old Roman Republic made holy by its connection with the Christian Church.

The author only aspires to furnish a handbook to the history of Rome during five centuries of transition, and in that aim we think he has succeeded. He does not claim to have furnished any new or important contribution to the history of that period. He is sufficiently acquainted with the contemporary authorities, though we imagine that the basis of his work was furnished by Muratori's "Annali d'Italia"—not a bad foundation to build upon. It is probably this authority which has led him into an occasional deviation from our established spelling of proper names, such as Giovius for Jovius (p. 29), Siagrius for Syagrius (p. 90), and so on. His statement about "the centuries that had elapsed [before the reign of Justinian] since the great Theodosius published his Code" shows a confusion between Theodosius the First and Second, and is contrary to the author's own more correct statement as to the Theodosian Code on page 48.

Still, notwithstanding some blemishes of this kind, this little book is upon the whole a trustworthy and useful handbook, and the Italian traveller who wishes to understand allusions to events which occurred in these obscure centuries, will do well to pack it in his portmanteau.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

SIX lectures delivered to the managers of the London Board Schools in the winter of 1889-90 on the best methods of raising the social condition of the children of the industrial classes, have just been published in a volume entitled "Elementary Schools: how to Increase their Utility." The subjects discussed in the volume are science-teaching, music, physical culture, hand and eye training, mechanics, and recreation, and in each case the lecturers were carefully chosen because of the twofold qualification of knowledge and experience. The value of many, if not all, of the opinions and suggestions contained in this timely volume is not open to question; and at the present moment, when public attention is directed to the improvement of elementary schools, and new departures in school-life are everywhere under debate, we agree with Mr. Bousfield in thinking that these outspoken and practical addresses will prove of interest to the teaching profession at large, and to social reformers in every part of the kingdom. There is truth in the assertion that the change in modern habits of life in large towns makes both physical culture and manual training much more necessary than was formerly the case. We are reminded in these pages that one result of the late Mr. Matthew Arnold's investigations into the methods of instruction pursued in the elementary schools of Germany, Switzerland, and France, as compared with those of England, was the bringing to light of the fact that our system of education was less formative of character, and produced fewer permanent results on the children, than that of the nations in question, where teaching is less purely intellectual. There is a capital paper on Physical Culture in this volume, by Colonel Onslow, who is widely known for his praiseworthy efforts to improve the physique of the rank and file of the British army. The battle of life must inevitably run hard with those who have to earn their livelihood by manual labour, if they are sent forth to confront its exacting demands lacking bodily endurance and stamina. Colonel Onslow, we need scarcely say, is not a military martinet who looks at physical culture from the narrow standpoint of a drill-sergeant. On the contrary, he interprets it to mean that children should be instructed in the elements of physiology and hygiene, and be taught certain simple rules for the preservation of health, such as the importance of good food and pure water, fresh air, cleanliness, proper exercise, and the like. He thinks, moreover, that we should strive to cultivate their bodily and mental powers side by side, but in neither direction ought their strength to be taxed to the verge of exhaustion. This caution is all the more necessary when it is remembered that the underfed, badly nurtured, and neglected children of the poorest and least thrifty classes of the community are amongst the pupils of our elementary schools. Mr. Ricks, one of the Inspectors of the London School Board, lays stress on the educational value of manual training in stimulating habits of observation, attention, and accuracy; and his lecture is, in fact, an admirable lay sermon on the saying of Comenius—"Things are best learned by doing them." We heartily commend the book to the attention of all educationists, and do so the more gladly since from beginning to end it reads like a commentary on the old and wholesome maxim, "Youth will never live to age without they keep themselves in breath with exercise, and in heart with joyfulness."

Canon Eden has just brought out a new and revised edition of his well-known book of reference, "The Churchman's Theological Dictionary." The aim of the book is to give a plain and simple account of terms which constantly occur in the discussion of theological and ecclesiastical problems. Within moderate compass, a wide range of subjects are elucidated, and the information which is given is presented in a concise and, generally speaking, in an uncontroversial form. Theology, according to Hooker, is but the "science of things divine," and this book is a conscientious and scholarly attempt to explain the terms employed in that science from the standpoint of an Evangelical Churchman, who views with indignation and dismay the innovations in doctrine and ritual, the growth of what he terms a "Romish bias" amongst a considerable section of the parochial clergy of modern England. More care ought to have been taken by Canon Eden, however—especially in this revised edition of his work—in regard to the statements which are made concerning the Non-conformists. Less than seven lines, for instance, are devoted

to the Methodists, and no attempt whatever is made to explain their tenets, history, or organisation, and yet more than a page of the book is devoted to a lame and laboured account of the Baptists. Canon Eden has extremely little to say about the Congregationalists, except that "this class of persons are frequently confounded with Independents, but are in reality to be distinguished from them." It is a pity that an otherwise capable book should be marred by such inadequate and absurd statements. Misrepresentation in a work of reference is a serious matter, and in this case it could easily have been avoided by the simple process of asking for information from the official representatives of the denominations concerned.

"Frays and Forays" is the name which Captain Younghusband gives to a slim volume descriptive of soldiering in the Sudan, sport in India, service and adventure on the frontiers of Afghanistan, and garrison life in different parts of the East. Captain Younghusband extols the Ghoorka regiments, and says that they share with the Sikhs the honour of being the bravest soldiers, not in India alone, but in Asia. The Ghoorka is small of stature, but is "thickset, hardy, and as bold as a lion; and when his blood is up, his dash and valour are astonishing." The little "Gurkee," as his friend Tommy Atkins dubs him, gets on better with that worthy than any other native soldier, and as a rule the two live together on the most amicable terms, alike in peace and war. A pleasant little book, abounding in graphic descriptions of sport and society, and written with kindness as well as candour.

Mrs. Mason's dainty gift-book, "The Steps of the Sun," is made up of "prose extracts" selected with admirable taste from a wide field in literature. Sometimes these "daily readings" consist of half a dozen lines, and in other cases they fill a page, but in every instance care has been taken to quote enough to render the meaning of the author plain. The scope of the book will at once be apparent when we add that the Saturdays of the present month are represented by passages from the works of Bishop Hall, Charles Lamb, Sir Thomas Browne, Abraham Cowley, and Alexander Pope.

Prospective tourists to the West of England, Wales, Ireland, and the Channel Islands, would do well to arm themselves with the new edition of "The Official Guide to the Great Western Railway," a cheap handbook of reference which has gradually grown to considerable importance. The new edition, which has just appeared in time for the holiday season, contains explicit and detailed information about a multitude of interesting and picturesque places which are "served," in the railway sense of the term, by the Great Western. Twenty-three official, panoramic, and route maps are provided; there are at least a dozen specially engraved plans of the chief cities and towns, whilst no less than two hundred and fifty illustrations brighten and elucidate the historical, topographical, and literary allusions of the text. In size and general aspect this useful "guide" looks uncommonly like a stout and well-dressed relative of the familiar and indispensable "Bradshaw."

A modern Amazon, who styles herself "Diane Chasseresse," is responsible for a volume of illustrated "Sporting Sketches," in which she figures to more or less advantage, according to the reader's ideas of what is womanly and becoming. She apostrophises her "dear little rifle," and has much to tell us about "Little Death," her dog, and by means of the pictures scattered through the text we are enabled to follow many of her masculine exploits. We see her, for example, lying at full length in a "delightful waterproof boat," with two big dogs perched on the top of her, and a rifle over her shoulder, floating down a salmon stream in Scotland in order to pot the game on the banks. Then we are permitted to behold her crouching on the moors, propped up by the brawny shoulders of an attendant gillie, whilst a cool shot is taken at the browsing deer on the hillside. One of the most startling pictures in the book—it is worthy of the artists who adorn the front page of the *Police News*—represents "Diane Chasseresse" descending from the clouds à la Baldwin, but without the parachute, whilst a Highlander, more in sorrow, it is to be hoped, than in anger, strikes a tragic attitude on an adjacent mountain. The text is worthy of the pictures, and the whole book is worthy of—"Diane Chasseresse" and others of that ilk.

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1890.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

MR. BALFOUR'S speech at Manchester last Saturday was singularly feeble. It consisted mainly of an attempt to show that SIR GEORGE ERRINGTON'S mission to the Vatican was similar in character to the mission of SIR LINTORN SIMMONS, and of a defence of MR. JUSTICE HARRISON for his scandalous language on the bench. Readers of our article of last week on the subject of Malta and the Vatican know how completely without justification is the attempt to defend the surrender of the Queen's supremacy in Malta to the Pope by a reference to the harmless communications of SIR GEORGE ERRINGTON. There was absolutely no attempt on the part of MR. BALFOUR to meet the facts of the case, or to do more than indulge in that silly girding at MR. GLADSTONE which appears to be all that is now left to the supporters of the Government. As for the defence offered for MR. JUSTICE HARRISON, which was based on the "natural provocation" he had received, we can only say that the same doctrine would have justified MR. SHACKLETON, the Dublin magistrate who was removed from the Commission of the Peace for using language not more heinous than that defended by MR. BALFOUR.

SUNDAY last witnessed the visit of the GERMAN EMPEROR to Heligoland, and the final absorption of that little island into the domain of the Fatherland. The story of the proceedings is not pleasant reading for Englishmen, however free they may be from any taint of Jingoism. The British Empire can well afford to lose this little island, no doubt, and will hardly miss its hardy inhabitants. But all the same, it causes a pang to part with them; and though the result may justify the step, we confess that we cannot understand how anyone who has been an admirer of the bastard Imperialism of the BEACONSFIELD-SALISBURY epoch can regard this incident in the foreign policy of the present Government with any feelings save those of profound dissatisfaction.

THE debate on the condition of Armenia in the House of Commons on the 8th of August last was remarkable for the total want of policy or view disclosed by the language of the representative of the Foreign Office. Apparently LORD SALISBURY is content to let things take their course without making any serious effort to compel the Turks, either by the united action of the Great Powers who signed the Treaty of Berlin, or by the threat of openly repudiating the ill-starred Anglo-Turkish Convention, to give some respite to their Christian subjects from sufferings which have never been more acute than they are now. Nothing can be clearer than that such a course must end in the occupation of Eastern Asia Minor by Russia, probably after a sanguinary insurrection. The history of Bulgaria will repeat itself in Armenia, except that Armenia is hardly likely to have the good fortune of becoming a virtually independent principality. She has no jealous Austria near at hand, and may probably be absorbed by Russia just as Georgia was absorbed nearly a century ago.

WE speak elsewhere of CARDINAL NEWMAN, whose death must be reckoned as, in many ways, the chief event of the week. Quite recently we published an "appreciation" of his character and intellect from a

sympathetic and competent pen, and now we have to deal with his life, so full of works and of vicissitudes and so commanding in its influence upon more than one generation. Few men have died more happily—rich in years, and in honour, surrounded by devoted friends, in the enjoyment of a long and tranquil eventide; happier, perhaps, in this than in aught else—that his mind was untroubled by a doubt as to the unassailable strength of the sanctuary in which years ago his troubled soul found refuge. The Church which within the same year has parted with two such men as DR. VON DÖLLINGER and CARDINAL NEWMAN, has suffered a loss that can hardly be measured; and Englishmen of every creed can sympathise with those who sorrow for the venerable recluse of Edgbaston.

LORD HARTINGTON'S speech to a party of his constituents who visited Chatsworth on Monday was not remarkable for any novelty of idea or argument. Its chief point of interest was the clear indication which it afforded of his determination to attribute the failure of the Government during the present session to the obstructive tactics of the Opposition. He admits, indeed, that some obstruction is not wilful or malignant; but apparently he feels that the best cry with which Government can face the country after their recent humiliating disasters, is that of "obstruction." If Ministers take his advice they will only bring upon themselves a greater failure than any they have yet encountered. Whatever may have been the degree of obstruction practised during this session, it is at least certain that it was not responsible for the blundering which led the Government to waste so many weeks at the most valuable period of the legislative year upon a measure which they were compelled to withdraw in order to avoid a fatal defeat. The country knows this fact so well that we cannot understand LORD HARTINGTON'S infatuation in thinking that the electors can be brought to believe that it is the malignity of MR. GLADSTONE rather than the imbecility of Ministers themselves which has led to the great break-down of the Government.

LORD SALISBURY'S explanation of the Anglo-French agreement, which is the necessary supplement of the Anglo-German treaty, was made to a remarkably small gathering of Peers in the House of Lords on Monday. As in the case of the bargain with Germany, we seem to have given a good deal for very little. The African portion of the agreement is the least objectionable, for the simple reason that we have dealt there with possessions which do not happen to belong to us. But the Madagascar business is not one upon which we can congratulate ourselves. Incredible as it may appear, it is nevertheless true that, when he was negotiating with Germany, LORD SALISBURY forgot all about the previous agreement with France which has made the present arrangement necessary. Yet LORD SALISBURY persists that he has ample time for the details of the Foreign Office as well as for the cares and responsibilities of the Premiership.

It was a curious scene which was witnessed in the House of Commons on Monday afternoon when MR. BALFOUR, amid the applause of the Nationalist members, moved an addition to the Dublin Corporation Bill, giving the Corporation the power of

collecting the municipal rates. Even such a small step as this in the direction of Home Rule was too much for MR. T. W. RUSSELL, and that gentleman roundly accused the Chief Secretary of "selling" the Unionist party in Dublin in order to bring the session to an early close. The spectacle of MR. BALFOUR and MR. SEXTON exchanging compliments whilst MR. RUSSELL was wholly unable to restrain his angry indignation must have struck the spectators as curious, to say the least. But, after all, MR. BALFOUR was wise in his generation. To have refused the demand of the Irish members would have been to discredit openly the whole of the Unionist professions of a desire to apply remedial legislation to Ireland. This would have been too high a price to pay even for the support of MR. T. W. RUSSELL.

MR. MATTHEWS is certainly the least happy of mortals. It is not enough that his tenure of office has been marked by a series of almost unparalleled collisions with the opinion of the country, of the House of Commons, and of his own colleagues and subordinates. He may have been right and every other human being wrong; and probably it is with this conviction that he fortifies his soul under adverse criticism. But even then, if he had a spark of wisdom, he would not exhibit himself as he did in the House of Commons on Tuesday evening, when the Home Office vote was under consideration, in the light of a silly and petulant special pleader, who, whilst making the most offensive imputations against other persons, resented with something like rage any personal attack upon himself. We do not blame him, indeed, for his angry outburst when the unwelcome word "Dungarvan" fell upon his ear, for we can well understand that he wishes that episode in his career to be forgotten; but he should have remembered how offensive he had himself been, only a few moments before, to MR. McLAREN, and how completely he had sunk the dignity of the Minister in the petulance of the partisan. We agree with MR. FOWLER in thinking that MR. MATTHEWS has done more than all his predecessors in the office of Home Secretary to convert the nation to the idea of a Court of Criminal Appeal.

THE great strike at Cardiff, after disorganising trade throughout an entire district, and inflicting heavy losses both upon employers and employed, was brought to a close on Thursday by a compromise which is accepted by both sides as satisfactory. The first question which naturally occurs is why a week or more of fierce strife of this kind should have been allowed to elapse before the combatants made up their minds as to terms which would be acceptable to both. The next question is whether we are any nearer an end of the strike system now than we were forty years ago. We trust it may be possible to answer the latter question in the affirmative. Good men on both sides are bestirring themselves in order to put an end if possible to the suicidal system of resorting to a strike in order to settle even the most trivial detail in the matter of wages or hours. We are glad to learn that in London, where, at this moment, a serious degree of disquietude prevails in the labour market, the Chamber of Commerce is engaged in forming boards of conciliation in connection with the various trades. These boards will not settle the general relations of capital and labour, but they may at all events avert such useless and costly struggles as that at Cardiff, where, it seems to us, both parties have been at special pains to put themselves in the wrong, and unreserved sympathy can be felt with neither.

THERE seems reason to hope that the recent Imperial edict against the Jews will not be put in force—for the present, at all events. Everything Russian is enveloped in so much mystery that we cannot be sure whether this is the free action of the

Czar or is due to the pressure of public opinion. In either case we may be thankful that we are to be spared one of the most inexcusable political crimes of the century. Another rumour from Russia is of a still more satisfactory nature. It is that the Czar has given orders for the immediate discharge into the reserves of the recruits of 1885, 1886, and 1887. This is a remission of one, and in some cases of two years' active service, and points to a conviction on the part of the Emperor that peace is not likely to be disturbed during the coming year.

THE House of Commons has finished with the Estimates. The nation's money has been voted by millions, and without inquiry or discussion. It is ever thus, at the close of the Session, when everybody—Radicals below the gangway as well as Ministers on the Treasury bench—pines for a change of scene and air. But the system—time-honoured though it is—discredits Parliament. SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL may not be the most agreeable of speakers; but he is a very able man, who has a perfect right to take part in the discussion of the Estimates. Yet, because he has insisted upon doing his duty, he has been abused as a bore of the first dimensions by his political antagonists, and has found little support or sympathy on his own side of the House. The speech of a bore is, however, only matter in the wrong place. If Ministers would manage their business better, and give the House some real opportunity of discussing the way in which the national money is spent, even SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL'S speeches would be recognised as valuable contributions to debate.

THE greater ease in the Money Market and the accession of the new Government in the Argentine Republic have encouraged speculation in the Stock Markets this week, especially as the Fortnightly Settlement, which is just over, showed that the speculative accounts open are small. As yet, it is true, business is not very active, as so many members of the Stock Exchange and outside operators are absent holiday-making. But there is more business than there has been recently, and prices have considerably recovered. The greatest activity has been in South African gold and land shares, in which there has been a marked rise. There has been a good deal doing, too, in Indian rupee paper, in the stocks and shares of Mexican railways, and generally in silver securities. The Continental bourses show some recovery likewise, and international securities are firmer. Even home railway stocks have shared in the improvement, in spite of the strike in South Wales. Trade continues very prosperous throughout the country. Even the iron industry is reviving from the breakdown of speculation at the beginning of the year. The consumption is very large, and seems likely to continue so. The railway traffic returns continue to be highly satisfactory.

THE receipts of gold by the Bank of England of late have been so large that the value of money has fallen considerably, the rate of discount in the open market being barely 4 per cent., with a downward tendency. As, however, gold exports from New York have stopped, and as the probability of receiving much from any other quarter is exceedingly slight, the most competent observers are of opinion that the present ease will not last long. Indeed, surprise is expressed that the Bank of England has not already taken measures to keep up rates; for, in spite of the gold receipts, its reserve is not yet large enough to meet all the demands that are likely to come upon it between now and the end of the year. In the silver market the price has fallen about $\frac{1}{4}$ d. per ounce, although the new American law came into force on Wednesday, and the Secretary of the Treasury began buying. The general expectation, however, is that speculation will spring up again, and that there will be a further considerable rise.

AN HONEST FOE.

LAST Saturday's *Spectator* contained one of those political articles which have done so much to give that journal its strong hold upon the affections and the admiration of English Liberals—an article in which a conspicuously honest attempt is made to realise the true position of the Gladstonian party on the question of Home Rule, and to explain the attitude of that party towards the Government. That the attempt is unsuccessful implies no reflection upon the desire of the writer to deal fairly by his opponents. It only shows once more how rare is the intellectual faculty which enables a man to see both sides of the shield with equal clearness. We welcome the attempt of the *Spectator* as not the least significant of the signs of the times. For years past, as our contemporary will admit, there has hardly been an attempt on the part of the Unionist Press to regard Home Rulers as persons worthy of being treated in a serious spirit. Abuse and contempt have been poured upon them freely by all the leading organs of the Government—the *Spectator* excepted. They have been “items;” they have been the feather-headed tools of an unscrupulous politician eager to wrest office from his opponents; they have been mere “humanitarians,” blind to the demands of patriotism and to their duty to their own country; they have been unscrupulous fanatics, conspiring out of pure wickedness with the acknowledged enemies of England, in order to bring about the downfall of the Empire. This is the light in which, down to the present year, the Home Rule party in England has been regarded; these are the terms which have been almost universally applied to the followers of Mr. Gladstone. We recognise with no small degree of pleasure the fact that a change is coming over the more reasonable supporters of the Ministry. The odious claim to a monopoly of principle and patriotism which the more noisy and intolerant of the party still set forth, has been abandoned by its wiser members, and we now find journals like the *Spectator* acknowledging that a Gladstonian may, after all, be just as honest, just as patriotic in feeling and intention, as a Colonel Saunderson or a Mr. T. W. Russell.

This acknowledgment of possible moral rectitude on the part of an English Home Ruler is, however, accompanied, even on the part of the *Spectator*, by a denial to him of that common intelligence which a man must have if he is to judge rightly on public questions. Our contemporary seeks “to make the sincere Gladstonian view intelligible to the Unionists,” and, having accomplished this task to its own satisfaction, it proceeds to show how utterly mistaken that view is. With the general interpretation of the Gladstonian mind as it is set forth by the *Spectator*, we have no particular reason to quarrel. It falls short, indeed, of the full truth on some points, and in one respect at least it attributes to reasonable Gladstonians an opinion they have never held. It is not the case that we believe that “the Unionists are actuated by party spite, by hatred of Ireland, by a mean envy of Mr. Gladstone’s political greatness and magnanimity—in fact, by every poor and petty motive which can interrupt the friendship and foment the enmity of nations.” No notions of this sort are entertained by any intelligent Home Rulers. They may, it is true, find it very difficult to reconcile the action of one or two leading Unionists, and notably of Mr. Chamberlain, with that freedom from all personal or petty motives which every Unionist claims for himself; but we have always felt that, seeing the tremendous gravity and the apparent suddenness of the “new departure” in Liberal policy which dates from Christmas, 1885,

it is impossible to blame those men who found themselves honestly unable to enter on the new course, or to attribute their refusal to do so to any unworthy reasons. That they have taken the wrong line we believe just as firmly as does the *Spectator* that it is we who are wrong; but there is no desire to impugn their honesty or their patriotism, or to do more than protest against the utterly unworthy assumption that they enjoy a monopoly of those qualities. Apart from this, we feel no wish to dispute the general accuracy of the statement of our contemporary, that the Gladstonians supported Mr. Gladstone in his Home Rule policy because they believed, after the General Election of 1885, that it was hopeless to attempt to rule Ireland peaceably without the consent of its representatives, that the failure of coercion had been sufficiently established after fourscore years of trial (and the passage of as many Coercion Acts), and that the moment had come when both political parties in this country ought to make the attempt to come to an understanding with the Irish people, which should give the latter a fair measure of Home Rule without destroying the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament. This is, in brief, the story of the Liberal conversion to Home Rule, and it is stated pretty much in these terms by the *Spectator*.

But how does our contemporary proceed to show that our view is a mistaken one? It tells us, first, that we ignored the fact that the Land Act had not had time to work before the dissolution of 1885, and that we were mistaken in supposing that the Irish difficulty was political instead of agrarian in its character. To this we reply that the political and agrarian questions are so closely interwoven in Ireland that no human being can decide the precise limits of either; but that for years before 1885, and for years before 1881, attempts had been made by the English Parliament to settle the land question—attempts which had failed just as signally as the endeavour to suppress political discontent by the pressure of Coercion Acts. The Land Act of 1881 had been repudiated by the Irish people. It was known that it would have to be amended. Mr. Gladstone’s Home Rule scheme was accompanied by a Land Purchase scheme which, it was believed, would settle the agrarian problem simultaneously with the settlement of the political problem. How can it be said, in these circumstances, that we “ignored” the land question? The course Home Rulers took simply showed that they did not believe that the settlement of that question alone would satisfy Ireland.

“Again,” says the *Spectator*, “Home Rule Liberals ignore the remarkable change of front of Mr. Gladstone and his friends with regard to the cruel practice of boycotting, which they have been driven to re-christen ‘exclusive dealing,’ in flagrant opposition to Mr. Gladstone’s own well-known description of it. And Liberal Unionists at least think it hard that any genuine Liberal should ignore this, which is a change of the most significant character—a change which marks the difference between the genius of Liberalism and of Jacobinism.” We confess that we read the words we have printed in italics with amazement. If this be indeed the chief ground of the *Spectator*’s refusal to support Mr. Gladstone, this alleged change of front on his part on the question of boycotting, proved by his having “re-christened” that offence “exclusive dealing,” there is no reason why our contemporary should not fall into line with THE SPEAKER next week. There has been no change of front on the part of Mr. Gladstone, and no “re-christening” of boycotting. In Mr. Wemyss Reid’s “Life of Mr. Forster,” a letter is printed from Mr. Gladstone to Mr. Forster, dated October 3rd, 1881, on the very eve of the arrest of

Mr. Parnell, in which this phrase "exclusive dealing" is used to describe boycotting. At that time the *Spectator* was the enthusiastic supporter of Mr. Gladstone's policy. If it finds no other ground of offence in him than his imaginary change of front as regards boycotting, we trust that it will return to its old faith. But, in any case, we shall look next week for a retraction of a grave charge which we have shown to be absolutely unfounded. That any Liberal has learned to look with approval upon crimes of violence in Ireland, we emphatically deny; though we frankly admit that Home Rulers have learned the painful truth that the whole responsibility for these crimes does not rest with the Irish people, but that in Ireland, as in other parts of the world, they are the bitter fruits of a system by which the nation is divorced from sympathy with its rulers, and the law becomes a by-word for oppression and illegality.

We must add one brief remark for the benefit of those Unionists who are ready to allow that Home Rulers are capable of reasoning. Do these persons really think that they have any reason to be satisfied with the present state of Ireland? Do they believe that Mr. Balfour has succeeded in reconciling the Irish people to the continuance of the present system of government? Are we, in short, any nearer under the present régime to the settlement of the Irish problem than we were before Mr. Balfour took office? He has done his best for his party—this we freely admit. But has he gained a single inch of ground in his stubborn fight with Irish discontent? Do Irishmen repose more confidence in the law than they did five years ago, are they better disposed to the Castle and the Castle officials than they were then? And England—has she gained in the strength of Parliament, in the dignity of the Government, in the efficiency of the Administration, by the maintenance of the chaotic system which places Ireland under the rule of removable magistrates, and compels her at the same time to send eighty representatives to Westminster who are the avowed enemies of the English Government? We think the story of the past Session a sufficient answer to all these questions, and a sufficient vindication of those English Liberals who believe that the pacific solution of the Irish difficulty will add enormously to the strength of the United Kingdom as a whole, and above all to the dignity and efficiency of the House of Commons.

THE SOUTH WALES STRIKE.

TWO things especially mark the strike at Cardiff and the neighbourhood—the apparent smallness of the issues at stake, and the helpless, almost fatalistic tone of the comments upon the strike. Both masters and men have had great difficulty in making the public understand the acrimony with which they fight over points which seem to be of no great consequence, measured in pounds, shillings, and pence. One matter in controversy has been the demand of the railway men that each day of ten hours should "stand by itself," as they say, that is, that a man should be paid for his overtime in any one day, although he does not during the whole week work more than sixty hours. The coal-tippers wanted an additional one-sixteenth of a penny; and there were a few other almost microscopic points. Yet, with issues apparently so trivial, a strike scarcely less serious than that of the London dock labourers has been in full operation since the 7th of August, and is only now over. Some 50,000 to 60,000 men have been idle; the immense Cardiff docks, the outlet of the trade of South Wales,

and the chief coal-exporting port of the world, have been silent; trains have ceased to run; and prices, especially of provisions, have gone up to fabulous heights. Rarely was the trade of a whole province so completely and quickly thrown out of gear. "It is calculated," writes one well-informed correspondent, "that a quarter of a million loss has been sustained in wages, etc., since the commencement of the strike;" and it is scarcely possible to exaggerate all the indirect effects of the stoppage of the lines of communication between the sea and the steam coal-fields. We hear much of "conciliation," "mediation," and "arbitration;" but what clear meaning have these words when those who instruct us speak of the strike as they might of a thunderstorm, a cyclone, or a blizzard—as if all concerned were the victims of an inexorable force sweeping over South Wales? In almost all the comments, friendly or otherwise to the strikers, is this tone of resignation to a supposed power superior to masters or men, which compels them, from time to time, to go to war, and to do one another as much mischief as possible. That is the plain English of a strike. The question is, who can hold out longest? Is hunger a more potent motive than loss of profit and depreciation of plant? In this contest of endurance, there are no rights or wrongs; as well might we talk about the ethics of a process for testing the relative strength of two boilers or sets of chains; the sole point to know is the breaking strain of the one or the maximum pressure of the other. If the manager of the Westminster Aquarium some day pits one fasting man against another, we shall witness what will be very much like a strike; and nobody will be so foolish as to talk of the rights or wrongs of the dispute between rival Succis. While the prevalent opinion of the relations of master and servant is that their duties end with the payment of wages on the performance of the stipulated tale of work, strikes are inevitable; and, as Mr. Howell says in his new book on "The Conflicts of Capital and Labour," "practically the whole question is reduced to a simple matter of expediency or prudence, as to time, place, or demands; and as to the possibility or probability of success or failure in the particular case where a strike is attempted or contemplated." You are to do as is done in war; you are to strike only when you can strike hard. Such is the prevalent view. All the same, we believe that it is false; that strikes are the symptoms of disease; the incidents of a time of transition, not of a permanent condition of industry, and that the fatalistic spirit in which they are regarded is a lamentable mistake. That they may in no small degree be averted by the institution of a sliding scale of wages has been proved in the North of England for many years; and never, we believe, have Mr. David Dale and others who have taken a continuous interest in this mode of pacification been more hopeful of its success than now, after a long experience. The colliery strikes of 1875 in South Wales led to the establishment of the South Wales and Monmouthshire Sliding Scale Committee, which has done good work; and we note with satisfaction the welcome given to a proposal by its chairman, Sir William Thomas Lewis, to form at Cardiff a general wages board, consisting of representatives, on the one hand, of dock-owners, railway companies, shipowners, and shippers, and, on the other hand, "tipplers," trimmers, and railway men. There are, however, well-known limits to the efficacy of such a scheme, even if masters were much readier than they are to submit their business affairs to the resolutions of any board, or trade leaders to resign any part of their powers. By all means let us exhaust the resources of

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"conciliation" and arbitration; the fact remains that the relations of employers and employees in not a few trades have drifted into almost as bad a state as those of landlord and tenant in Ireland, and to some extent from similar causes, and that "conciliation," though sincerely meant, is powerless to mend matters. Against precarious tenure, liability to see his rent raised, his scanty profits reduced, the harder he worked, and subjection to a landlord whom he rarely saw, or an agent whom he saw too often, the Irish tenant rebelled, and was not to be reasoned, coerced, coaxed into contentment, or in any way "conciliated." Beyond the Atlantic he always saw the vision of a better lot, and the contrast between that and his hard fare at home made it barely possible to exorcise his discontent. From evils too much like those of the Irish peasant many English workmen suffer. They too have a glimpse of the possibility of a better lot; a future in which their remuneration will be assured, an old age which need not be spent in the workhouse or as the dependents of their relations. Can we satisfy that growing desire?

If we cannot, what is the outlook? We are not, *apropos* of the Cardiff strike, going to suggest the best modes of answering these new demands; nor do recent strikes make us forget the fact that in these days many employers strongly sympathise with workmen in labour contests, or that many of the abler and more ambitious men among the latter have no liking for the sway of the unions. Our point is that we have no right to expect the number of strikes to diminish much, and that the fatalistic tone of comments upon the Cardiff strike is only too justifiable, while the relations of capital and labour remain what they are. Remedies which do not improve those relations are superficial; to talk of "conciliation" is crying peace, peace, when there is no peace, and cannot be while they are unchanged.

"Are the working men to receive a share in the profits? Are the dockers to get something substantial in addition to their wages?" These are fair questions; but it is not for outsiders to answer them. We merely press the truth, enforced by harder strikes, that the concession of so much wages, or the reduction of the working hours, is always an inadequate settlement. The true object to be aimed at is an alteration in the relations of labour to capital, a better mode of payment, satisfaction of the workmen's desire for stability of remuneration, and a recognition of duties outside the four corners of the contract of hiring. "Inquiry, pursued with no other desire than that of attaining plain truth," writes one careful correspondent at Cardiff, "and pursued in quarters where the best information was to be obtained, has led to the conclusion that the industrial world of South Wales is sadly out of joint." Not in Wales only is this the case. Everywhere is a new sense of the possibilities within the reach of labour. Everywhere what economists call "the normal standard of comfort" is rising among workmen; we shirk the difficulties of the situation until we recognise that strikes are the expression of a general half-articulate desire for the permanent modification of some of the relations of capital and labour; until that be done, they will come as comes the simoom or pestilence.

THE FRENCH EQUIVALENT IN AFRICA.

IN the scramble for the spoils of Africa it has been settled that France shall have her share. This week the result of the negotiations which have been going forward between Lord Salisbury and M. Waddington has been published, and although the details of the agreement arrived at remain to be

adjusted by Commissioners in the future, the lines on which it proceeds have been drawn to the satisfaction of both the nations concerned. As Lord Salisbury drily confesses, to the chagrin of his trumpeters and supporters, the agreement is a small matter. It leaves untouched many sore points of conflict. It is no perfect pledge of amity between the Governments of the Queen and the Republic. It is silent on the ugly questions which have been raised in Egypt and in Newfoundland. But after all it may be more effective because it does not attempt too much. And in these days, when Germany and England vie in displaying enthusiasm for one another, one is glad to welcome any diplomatic dealings which may reconcile and assuage French feeling, and which betoken friendliness of intercourse between England and France.

The agreement concerns itself chiefly with the settlement of unsettled rights in Zanzibar, in Madagascar, and in the North-West of the great continent. The French admit our claim to exercise a general sovereignty in Zanzibar and Pemba, and we recognise the protectorate which for some time past they have established in Madagascar. In both cases it is only the recognition of an accomplished fact, but some friction may be avoided by it. Oddly enough the form which the agreement takes is the modification or cancelling of two existing treaties. France allows us to overlook a treaty which might have prevented our going to Zanzibar. We, with equal courtesy, waive an obnoxious clause which would have prevented France from annexing Madagascar. A generation since, it seems, the object of English and French diplomacy was to prevent either Power from acquiring these islands. Since then the times have moved, and the object of the two European nations now is no longer to preserve the independence of these African kingdoms, but only to make certain that England and France shall have an equal share in the spoils of both. On the whole, the reflection occurs, the diplomatic morality of our own day does not compare very favourably with the diplomatic morality of our fathers. It may be that the necessities of civilisation urge us. It may be that the change is due to the appearance of the German Tempter on the scene. But whatever the cause, it is clear that now England and France, and Germany too, are bent no longer on securing the rights and liberties of African kingdoms and kings, but rather on applying to Africa the doctrine, which in the last century led to no little abuse and iniquity in Europe—the doctrine that a balance of power between rival States is essential to the interest of all, and that if one of them augments its territories the rest must obtain some equivalent elsewhere. That doctrine, so facile of interpretation by the strong, led a hundred years ago to the partition of Poland. In our own day it has menaced Belgium. But when it is applied to Africa, as we all are busily applying it now, we find no difficulty in forgetting the unpleasant examples it has wrought. It may be that by going to Zanzibar we save the island from a worse fate, and are really welcome. It is not so easy for us to persuade ourselves that a French protectorate was desired in Madagascar. But the doctrine of equivalents does not stoop to consider local ideas. And then, although it has caused injustice in Europe, it may not matter so much in Africa, for there, as Lord Salisbury has reminded us, the people are only blacks.

We do not wish, however, to press the point too far, and we do not wish to grudge Lord Salisbury the credit which he deprecates but deserves for an arrangement which, under circumstances that are not altogether satisfactory, seems on the whole reasonable enough. We regret the fate of Madagascar,

and we regret that the labours of our missionaries there must now to some extent be wasted. But as regards the somewhat unsubstantial interests of France and England in the North-West of Africa, the agreement will probably be useful. The vast territory between Algiers and the Niger, stretching over the Sahara and the kingdoms of the Western Soudan, is subject to French influence spreading from the North, and to English influence radiating from the dominion of the British Niger Company in the South. It is now proposed to draw a line separating the French from the English sphere—from, say, a place upon the Niger, to Barraua, a place on the north-western shores of Lake Tchad. By this arrangement the French Republic will acquire, so far as we can give it, the right to advance her frontiers over the Sahara, and to paint with any colour that she pleases a very spacious region on the map. On the other hand, the British Company, which has already carried far into the interior its treaties and its trade, acquires a clear and recognised position, and a monopoly of influence that for commercial purposes is of considerable value, with the large kingdoms of Bornu and Sokoto, which lie upon the Western border of Lake Tchad. The chief point about the agreement is that both the Niger Company and the French Government seem contented with its terms, and that being so it would ill become us to quarrel with it. We can only hope that the profit will be realised which both parties expect; that this further extension of our responsibilities may not entail fresh difficulties on us, or injure those whom our new frontiers encompass; and that the development in Africa of the doctrine of equivalents may now find occasion to pause until some of its results have been seen, and may in any case be unaccompanied by the injustice which has attended its progress elsewhere.

A MUNICIPAL DEATH DUTY.

ONCE more the Parliamentary Session closes without any reform of Local Taxation. The system reported against by Select Committees in 1867 and 1870, denounced by such diverse authorities as John Stuart Mill and Mr. Goschen, and condemned by the House of Commons itself in 1885, remains in 1890, not only in full force, but, by the increased burden of the rates, even intensified in its inequity. Although local expenditure has since expanded into a complicated budget, now reaching in aggregate amount more than half that of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, local revenue still consists, in the main, of that rate upon occupiers which formed in every town one of the earliest devices of the purchasers of the borough dues from an Angevin king. The permanent pauper population of nearly a million is still maintained from the simple levy upon occupiers which was ordered by the celebrated Acts of Elizabeth. London, with its aggregate municipal revenue of ten millions sterling, collects four-fifths of this amount by the same obvious expedient. Whilst its expenditure budget has become that of a kingdom in magnitude and comprehensiveness, its sources of revenue remain in simplicity those of a borough of the time of Henry II., or a rural parish of the last century.

London has, indeed, a special grievance in the matter. Not only is the untaxed "unearned increment" greater in the metropolis than elsewhere, but the separation of the property interests of land-owner and house-occupier has there been carried to a degree unknown in most provincial towns. The "occupying owner"—the typical burgess of the

Middle Ages—is in London practically unknown, and the universal prevalence of a system of terminable leases has necessarily forced to the front the question of a more equitable incidence of the local rates. Hence the essentially metropolitan agitation for the taxation of ground rents and values. Hence the attempt of the London County Council to incorporate in their improvement schemes the principle of "betterment," and their refusal to undertake any further municipal works at the expense of the occupier alone. But Lord Salisbury's Government exhibits no disposition to allow any part of London's expenses to be charged against those who draw an annual revenue of nearly forty millions sterling from London rents.

Some expansion of London's fiscal resources is, however, absolutely indispensable. The taxation of the occupier has reached a point at which any increase far outweighs in the popular view even the most necessary improvement. London's fifty years' arrears of municipal government cannot be longer neglected with impunity. The water question is becoming imminent; the provision of improved dwellings for London's million poor is admittedly a crying necessity. Sanitation, open spaces, street improvements, all stand ready profitably to absorb as much money as London can possibly allot to them. Technical education needs to be provided for London's apprentices. The new District Councils must inevitably be as clamorous for financial reform as the London County Council. The probable "Hospitals Board" of the near future will doubtless soon need a "Hospital Rate." The future Metropolitan "Poor Law Council" will call for increased funds for a more scientifically generous treatment of the awful army of London's pauperism. The complete "municipalisation" of London cannot, indeed, be accomplished without a development of London's collective finances similar in importance to that which the English provincial towns underwent half a century ago.

Such a development is usually sought, in London as elsewhere, in the division of rates between owner and occupier, and the special rating of ground values. But although these proposals assert an excellent fiscal principle, it is doubtful whether any large addition to local revenues could rapidly be obtained from them without causing such a depreciation of the value of property as would inevitably be regarded as confiscation. Municipal reformers will therefore hear with interest the suggestion of a "Local Death Duty." Such a proposal is worked out in detail in the recently published Report of the Financial Committee of the "Conference on Questions connected with the Housing of the People," lately held at the National Liberal Club. This report, which contains an exhaustive summary of the economic incidence of the existing local taxation, attributes the comparative failure of the Artisans' Dwellings Acts to the present system of rating. Local authorities are not disposed to increase expenses which fall exclusively upon occupiers, whilst owners resist all operations of a local governing authority on which they are not represented. The Committee recommend, therefore, the usual reforms of local taxation; but they regard a mere annual tax on owners as likely to be insufficient for our rapidly growing collective expenditure. They accordingly present, in somewhat elaborate detail, a proposal for levying a local addition to the existing Probate and Succession Duties upon the land and house property in any city which chooses to avail itself of this financial expedient. It is suggested that any urban authority desiring to undertake any large scheme of Housing the Poor, might, with the sanction of the Local Government

Board, be empowered to request the Inland Revenue Department to collect on all property within the town which passes by death, a moderate addition to the Imperial Death Duties, to be handed over to the local authority for the purposes of the particular scheme in question. Such a "Local Death Duty" might take the form of an addition of one-fourth or one-tenth to the existing Probate and Succession Duties, with all their imperfections thick upon them, leaving to some future day their consolidation, equalisation, and adequate graduation. It is, however, uncertain whether this simple plan could practically be worked with the existing machinery of Somerset House, and it involves, moreover, the acceptance of the existing consanguinity scale and so many other anomalies, that an alternative scheme is suggested. Following the analogy of Mr. Goschen's "estate duty," it is proposed that a special "local real estate duty" should be levied upon the capital value of all interests in land or house property within the town in question on each occasion that such interests pass by death, with due exemption of small estates, and appropriate provision for corporations, joint-stock companies, and partnerships.

The main interest of these proposals to municipal reformers lies, of course, in their applicability, not only to schemes for housing the poor, but also to the general purposes of municipal finance. A local "death duty," not common to the whole kingdom, is, indeed, a somewhat startling novelty to the English mind; but the United States affords precedents of special death duties in particular States, and variations in local rates are familiar to everyone. Both France and America abound in instances of the addition of local levies to national taxes; and Mr. Goschen himself has shown us, in his licence arrangements, how easily Somerset House can become the collector for a town council or an urban sanitary authority.

A death duty appears, indeed, to offer the best means of getting at that long-yearned-for treasure of fiscal experts, the "unearned increment." Over four millions sterling is annually added to the capital value of London, merely by its inevitable growth in population. Probably half as much is yearly added to the value of the land of Lancashire. This annual "new year's gift" of Industry to Ownership bears, at present, no share whatsoever of the local expenditure by which it has been largely created. The difficulty of assessing an equitable annual tax upon each particular property, in exact proportion to its "annual increment," appears to be absolutely insuperable. But a death duty falls, on an average, only once in twenty years, and, if moderate in amount, might reasonably be regarded as a commuted contribution from the average increment of the town and period. Such a plan avoids, moreover, the difficulty created by the existence of the innocent recent purchaser, who himself would pay nothing. It is not found, in practice, that the saleable value of property is diminished by the prospect of a death duty, although it may easily be lessened by an increase in annual taxation. A death duty is therefore exclusively a tax on heirs and legatees, who have no vested rights; and, as may be suggested to timid Chancellors of the Exchequer, have seldom even conscious existence as prospective legatees, and may therefore be regarded as possessing neither votes nor capacity to hold an indignation meeting. A contribution of only ten per cent. of London's unearned increment would yield nearly a whole Peabody donation every year. A local death duty of only one per cent. would cover the entire charges of the Metropolitan Asylums Board.

No proposal such as that of a municipal death duty can be adopted without careful examination by

experts and thorough popular discussion. But in the forthcoming reform of local taxation, to which the next Liberal Administration is pledged, it would be well not to overlook the necessity of some such development of the revenue side of our local budget. The simplicity of our rating system is dearly purchased at the price of its want of equity and lack of expansiveness. Historical reasons explain why the State of Pennsylvania can impose upon itself for local purposes a special death duty, and why what is virtually the State of London has power only to impose an annual rate. But there is no essential distinction between those imposts which are devoted to national purposes and those which are left as resources to the local authorities. Many cases occur of contemporaneous common use of one and the same tax. The exceptional necessities of our great cities present a fiscal problem which is absolutely without historic precedent. The full development of local self-government can hardly be reached without some expansion, on the revenue side of municipal finance, of that rate on occupiers which is essentially still the burgess's "scot and lot" of the Middle Ages. Towards that expansion the proposal of a municipal death duty appears a timely and suggestive contribution.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

CARDINAL NEWMAN'S life was evenly divided between the Church of England and that of Rome. He was forty-five years of age when he left the English Church, and he died after forty-five years' service in the Church of his adoption. It is too early yet to say which of the two periods has had the greater influence on his own generation or will contribute most to his own fame. Newman himself—we pay him the homage of dropping all titles—declared that the Oxford Movement owed more to Keble's "Christian Year" than to any other influence; and it is undoubtedly true that any movement, political or religious, which is so fortunate as to command the services of a genuine poet gains an immense accession of strength. Men are moved by their imaginations and feelings more than by their reason, and it is to these that the poet makes his appeal. We are not disposed therefore to underrate the influence of the sweet singer of the "Christian Year." Yet we believe that if any single man is to be picked out as the leading and stimulating spirit of the Oxford Movement, that man is undoubtedly Newman. The Movement was fortunate in the number of able and brilliant men who rendered it loyal and ungrudging service, but Newman was the only man of real genius among them. It is possible that even as a poet posterity may rank him higher than Keble. If he does not keep uniformly on Keble's level, he has certainly soared to loftier heights. His keen, subtle, and resourceful dialectic was thus illuminated by the glow of his poetic temperament, and the personality of the man pervaded his work. There was not a leader among the Tractarians who could approach him in the gift of personal influence. It was not till after he left Oxford, as he tells us in a humorous passage in the "Apologia," that he learnt that he was an object of imitation to crowds of young men at the University. His dress, his gait, the pose of his head, the play of his features, were copied by his admirers. On one occasion he was obliged to wear a shoe with the heel turned down, on account of a chilblain, and it immediately became a fashion for a time among undergraduates who had fallen under his spell to go about with the heel of one shoe turned down. By way of reaction against

the modern exaltation of preaching, the early Tractarians discouraged extempore sermons and all graces of delivery. Newman accordingly wrote all his sermons, and delivered them without gesture and nearly in monotone. Yet so vividly did the personality of the man speak through the tones of that silvery voice, that he managed to express more feeling by his monotone than other preachers could express by all the arts of oratory. And then, as a writer, his style is the perfection of that art which conceals art. It reads as if it grew out of his mind spontaneously and without effort, but is in reality the result of laborious training, and he has himself let us into the secret of its acquisition in one of the charming essays which he published while rector of the Roman Catholic University in Dublin. One of the best specimens of it may be seen in the series of brilliant letters, under the *nom de plume* of "Catholicius," which he contributed to the *Times* forty years ago in reply to the late Sir Robert Peel's Tamworth address. The letters made a sensation, and the *Times*, we believe, offered him a tempting inducement to become a regular contributor; but Newman would not agree to receive his inspiration from the *Times* office, and the *Times* thus failed to secure the most brilliant writer of our generation.

It is instructive to compare what the world says of him now with what it said of him and his fellow-labourers in the Oxford Movement fifty years ago. The public opinion of our day, whatever it may think of the Tractarian Movement theologically, does ample justice to the honesty, unselfishness, great learning and talents, and noble aims of the Tractarian leaders. But what did the public opinion of their own day think of them, Newman included? The secular press was almost unanimous against them; the *Times*, after an interval of halting between two opinions, leading the chorus of persecution and abuse. The bishops were equally rampant, as a few excerpts from their charges will show. "Let us diligently search the well of life," said one, "and not run after the stinking puddles of tradition devised by men's imagination." "It is a subject of deep concern," said another, "that any of our body should prepare men of ardent feelings for a return to the Roman Mass-book." "Already," said a third, "are the foundations of apostasy laid. Antichrist is at the door. I am full of fear; everything is at stake; there seems to be something judicial in the rapid spread of these opinions." "Our glory is in jeopardy," cries a fourth. "Tractarianism is the masterpiece of Satan," says a fifth. In short, the leading Tractarians were denounced as "superstitious," "zealots," "mystical," "malignants," "Oxford heretics," "Jesuits in disguise," "tamperers with Popish idolatry," "agents of Satan," "a synagogue of Satan," "snakes in the grass," "men who were walking about our beloved Church, polluting the sacred edifice and leaving their slime about her altars," "miscreants, whose heads," said a pious bishop, "may God crush." These maligned men are to-day, with their most distinguished leader, all objects of admiration and praise. So, we suppose, it will ever be. One generation slays the prophets, and the next adorns their sepulchres. The Tractarian Movement is by no means a solitary example. Time always brings these revenges; but it is seldom that the martyrs live to witness their own vindication.

The secession of Newman was thought at the time to be a staggering blow to the English Church, while at Rome it raised hopes of the speedy conversion of England. The event has proved how independent institutions and causes commonly are

of the fortunes of their human instruments and leaders. The Church of England is now much stronger and more popular than it was when Newman left it, and England is less likely than ever to submit to the Pope. But how shall we account for Newman's secession? His was no ordinary conversion. He had surveyed the whole field of controversy between the English and Roman Churches, and had entered the arena and returned, as was thought, with the spoils of victory. Besides numerous essays dealing with the main points in dispute, he published a powerful attack on the Roman position in a series of brilliant lectures. Yet, like the Sicambrian of old, he suddenly changed sides, "burning what he had adored, and adoring what he had burnt." Newman's conversion was probably due to many causes. He was evidently afraid of his own intellect. A vein of scepticism lay at the bottom of his character, and he had the example of two brothers to warn him. Frank Newman passed from a fervid Evangelicalism to a pale theism without Christianity; and the third brother, of whom the critics appear to be ignorant, became an atheist, and died a few years ago at Tenby, where he had for years lived the life of a recluse. Newman therefore craved for some recognised authority to whom he could bow, and found it at last in Rome. And yet it was on rationalistic principles that he became a Roman Catholic. He knew history too well to be able to reconcile the modern Papal system with the Christianity of the first six centuries, which he had studied so carefully in writing his "History of the Arians," and he could not bend his conscience to the dictates of any authority until his reason was convinced. His faith demanded some sort of rational basis, and so he wrote his "Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine," before he could accept the creed of Rome. Having thus satisfied his reason, he made his submission to Rome, and was satisfied. Then "for the first time," as he tells us in the "Apologia," he "looked up at the Church of Rome from within." That admission reveals much. He had never looked up to the Church of England from within. He always viewed it from without, experimenting upon it and theorising about it, but never really yielding it the loyal submission of a son. But it is probable that a more sympathetic treatment from those in authority would have prevented his secession. What a nature like his needed was sympathy and active service. The responsibility and duties of a bishop's office would have diverted his mind from unhealthy brooding, and left him no time or inclination for spinning out theories. But instead of sympathy he received abuse, and was bidden to leave. How deeply he felt this treatment is shown in the last sermon he preached in the English Church. Even at this distance of time it is difficult to read passages like the following without emotion:—

"Oh, my mother, whence is this unto thee that thou hast good things poured upon thee and canst not keep them, and barest children yet darrest not own them? Why hast thou not the wish to use their services, and the heart to rejoice in their love? How is it that whatever is generous in purpose, or deep in devotion—thy flower and thy promise—falls from thy bosom, and finds no home within thine arms? Who hath put this note upon thee, to have 'a miscarrying womb and dry breasts,' to be strange to thine own flesh, and thine eyes cruel towards thy little ones? Thine own offspring, the fruit of thy womb, who love thee and would toil for thee, thou dost look upon with fear, as though a portent, or thou dost loathe as an offence; at best thou dost but endure, as if they had no claim but on thy patience, self-possession, and vigilance, to be rid of them as easily as thou mayest. Thou makest them 'stand all the day idle,' as the very condition of thy bearing with them; or thou biddest them begone where they will be more welcome; or thou sellest them for nought to the stranger that passes by. And what wilt thou do in the end thereof?"

A sensitive mind thus yearning in vain for sympathy, and finding itself misunderstood and misrepresented, is apt to make a leap in the dark, under the conviction that the change may be better, and cannot be worse. That Newman, having made this complete, and, indeed, first submission to authority, never desired to change again is unquestionable, for he has said so. Yet he was disappointed in his new communion. He found many things different from what he had expected, and he made no effort to get others to follow his own example, lest the shock of disappointment might drive them into infidelity. He received slights and met with injustice where he had a right to expect a very different treatment. Cardinal Wiseman, for example, was guilty of a distinct breach of faith towards him. It was Wiseman who prevailed upon him to attack Achilli, on the distinct promise that, in the event of a libel action, he would supply Newman with overwhelming evidence to sustain his accusation. But when Achilli brought his action, Wiseman flatly refused to fulfil his promise, lest damage should accrue to the Church of Rome from the revelations that would ensue. He preferred that Newman should be ruined in character and fortune rather than that the doings of Achilli, while a Roman priest, should be exposed. Newman was therefore forced to obtain evidence in self-defence as best he could. In the end he entirely crushed Achilli, who disappeared for ever, and the verdict was a scandalous miscarriage of justice. There is no doubt that Newman was out of favour at Rome during the papacy of Pio Nono. He was too independent for the policy of the Vatican, and too outspoken as to the shortcomings and errors of his adopted communion. He was therefore passed over, while men immeasurably his inferiors were honoured. The present Pope redressed the wrong, and the last eleven years were probably the happiest years of Newman's life, at least in the Church of Rome. To the last he remained a thorough Englishman, and would doubtless have been as ready to say in 1890, as he did in 1875: "Certainly, if I am obliged to bring religion into after-dinner toasts (which does not seem quite the right thing), I shall drink—to the Pope, if you please—still, to conscience first, and to the Pope afterwards."

It may seem strange that Pusey rather than Newman should have given his name to the Tractarian party; yet here, as generally, the instinct of the popular mind was just. What Newman himself has said of one of the saints of old was in a measure true of himself: "Thou couldst a people raise, but couldst not rule." The popular judgment recognised truly in Pusey, not in the brilliant Newman, the staying power which was necessary to guide the Oxford movement to a successful issue.

"FOOLS AND BORES."

THERE comes a time in the history of a Government when a Minister is sure to lecture the House of Commons, and warn it that desperate remedies will be inevitable if it does not mend its ways. In the present Cabinet the part of pedagogue falls naturally to Mr. Balfour. His urbanity, his persuasive grace and blessed peace-making spirit, qualify him in an eminent degree to rebuke the froward, and rescue the backslider. A great and good Government has failed to pass its Bills, and Mr. Balfour undertakes to tell the country the whole truth about the disaster. It is because "fools and bores" rush in where wise men disdain to tread. Observe the exquisite convenience of this theory. It is so much easier to say in an offhand way, that

obstruction has ruined legislation, than to enter into details of the mismanagement of the public business. Mr. Balfour wants the country to believe that everything would have gone well this session if "the arguments of the most intellectual" had not been overborne by the "lungs and the impudence of the feeblest and most foolish." This sounds well on a Tory platform at Salford; but it has its drawbacks. For example, had Mr. Healy never raised the technical point which completed Mr. Goschen's discomfiture, the Speaker would not have compelled the Government to abandon the licensing clauses. It follows that the Speaker and Mr. Healy are both members of the "boreocracy" which, according to the Chief Secretary, dominates the House of Commons. Mr. Courtney, too, must be included in the conspiracy, for he repeatedly incurred the displeasure of the Tories by refusing to curtail debate at the suggestion of the Treasury Bench. It is a parlous state of things, indeed, when the "boreocracy" is supreme even in the Chair. No wonder that the *Times* betters Mr. Balfour's instruction by suggesting that it is not only obstruction but debate itself "that is killing business." With that scrupulous regard for our institutions for which it is famous the *Times* is ready to abolish the House of Commons as a deliberative assembly. "In days when the ablest men in the House deliver their best speeches on platforms, is it not time to think more about getting to business than about deliberative functions largely exercised elsewhere?" So in a reformed House of Commons Mr. Balfour would deliver himself thus: "I observe some demur on the front Opposition bench to my Bill of 314 clauses for the relief of Irish landlords at the expense of the rates. The right honourable gentleman must be aware that I have deliberated with my constituents on the platform, and that in this House we have fortunately put an end to the system which permitted fools and bores to speak against the measures of the Government. I beg to move, therefore, that this Bill be passed at once through all its stages."

Pending this constitutional development, what remedy does Mr. Balfour propose? He calls on the country to show its disapproval of bores by refusing to re-elect them. If that is not done, the evil, he says, will become a "tumour," and will need "a surgical operation." We should do injustice to so clever a man if we presumed that Mr. Balfour was wholly unconscious that his plan is absurd. For if the country took him at his word, it would unseat at the next election some very conspicuous bores on the Government side. Everybody knows them. There is the bore who is always something or other "to the backbone," which suggests that his brains are in his spine—where, indeed, they might well be without any mental displacement. There is the bore who pros about "law and order," as if that phrase condensed all wisdom, like the Koran to the unlettered Turk. There is the official bore, with his documents, like Miss Flite, and his ponderous self-sufficiency which reposes on agriculture. There is the bore who bellows "Divide," and exercises his intelligence by walking into the division lobby. There is the quarter-sessions bore, with his conviction that atheism and immorality are due to the political decline of the country gentry. All these bores would lose their occupation as legislators if all the constituencies were endowed with an enlightened discrimination in the choice of their representatives. Mr. Balfour does not make any allowance for the imperfections of his fellow-men. They cannot all possess his discernment, his refined wit, and his chastened dignity. Some members of Parliament must represent people who have a stake in the country, and valuable as that is, it is rarely conducive to brilliancy. When you have the interests of property on your mind, you cannot afford to be original. The responsibility is too great. You might say something that would undermine the Church or the law of entail. The only safe

plan is to denounce the English Nihilists, or the Jacobins, or, like the orthodox journalist in "Middlemarch," to call somebody an "energumen," because it was "a term which came up during the French Revolution." Such is the simple philosophy of many conscientious bores who sit behind Mr. Balfour, and applaud his denunciation of obstruction, with a pleasant oblivion of the fact that he was once a member of a party of four who distinguished themselves by obstructing a Liberal Government with an energy and persistence never surpassed since.

But if the country refuses to adopt the wise and practical suggestion that a general election should be devoted to the extinction of the Parliamentary "boreocracy," what force of popular opinion does Mr. Balfour expect for his "surgical operation"? Which is the more likely, that the country will consent to the gagging of its representatives who happen to be in Opposition, because the Government cannot conduct their business with ordinary discretion; or that it will see the need for such a devolution of work as will relieve an over-burdened assembly of labours with which it ought never to be taxed? This seems to us more to the point than Lord Hartington's platitudes about fair-play, or Mr. Balfour's heroics about tumours. It may be sad that to many men politics is "a game of strength and skill," instead of a friendly tournament of all the virtues. Undeniably it would be better if there were no "fools and bores," though it is open to dispute whether Parliament would be more successful if it contained only Balfours. But the country has heard all this before, and regards it with not unnatural cynicism as part of the comedy. It is no more deceived by Mr. Balfour's exaggerations than by Lord Hartington's plaintive suggestion that a Government which keeps all the public departments going need not trouble itself about passing Bills. Somehow there is a long-standing prejudice in favour of Ministers who know their own minds, who do not bungle over the simplest matter, nor proclaim that they are the blameless victims of a vast combination of "fools and bores" who will destroy Parliamentary institutions. That sort of rhetoric defeats itself all the more completely because we all know that, after the general election, every Tory bore will rant against a Home Rule Ministry at portentous length, for the safety of a much abused Empire.

THE CHOLERA.

CHOLERA is advancing. The history of the present outbreak—so far as it can be gathered from the meagre and not very trustworthy information that reaches us—is as follows:—On the 13th of May cholera—that is, true "Asiatic" cholera—appeared in Spain at Puebla de Rugat, a village of 700 inhabitants, in the province of Valencia. It seems certain that the disease was not imported, as Puebla is remote from the coast, and in so small a place importation is easily traced. On the contrary, the origin of the outbreak was imputed to some excavations by which the remains of the 1885 epidemic were disturbed, and this view has been confirmed by Dr. de Pietra Santa. It is, indeed, quite in accordance with what we know of the causation of cholera, and corroborates the theory advanced many years ago by Dr. Budd, that the disease infects the ground, and that the poison may be preserved for months or years, and then again become active under favourable conditions. So, in fact, originated the great outbreak of 1884-85—namely, by the disturbance of some thirty-year-old remains at Toulon. In the present case the progress of the epidemic was slow at first, and apparently confined to the neighbourhood of Puebla. Between May 13th and June 15th there were 100 cases with twenty deaths. As usual, every effort was made to conceal

the presence of cholera, and any admission of the fact which found its way into the newspapers was religiously accompanied by a declaration that the outbreak was dying out. So far from this being the case, we suddenly heard, at the beginning of July, that it had already reached Gandia, at which considerable place there were 144 cases during the last half of June. However, the public was assured that "sanitary precautions were rigorously observed" in order to prevent the spread of the disease, especially into France—to wit, "several baskets of tomatoes sent from Spain have been seized and destroyed." Then, alternating with renewed assurances that the outbreak was dying out, came—first, the information that the Spanish War Minister, on returning from Valencia, declared that "cholera was more serious in that province than was generally believed;" and, secondly, the news of its appearance in Alicante, a place which had suffered very severely in 1884. Finally, in the month of August, it is discovered that within eleven weeks there were 1,100 cases in Valencia and Alicante, with the high mortality of 50 per cent.; that the epidemic has extended to Toledo, in the centre of Spain, and even to Badajoz on the Portuguese frontier; that fatal cases have appeared in Madrid; and that the inevitable panic has set in. This week the total number of cases has mounted up to 1,600. So much for Spain.

Meantime on May 31st a telegram from Teheran announced the appearance there of some epidemic pestilence, not definitely named; in the third week of July reports came from Asia Minor, through Constantinople, to the effect that cholera had spread from Mesopotamia to Lake Van, at the same time it was announced as being present at Camaran on the Red Sea, brought by an English ship conveying Mecca pilgrims; finally, it is now raging at Mecca, with a daily mortality of over 100, and is also devastating the neighbouring port of Jeddah. Rumours—subsequently contradicted—have also credited Baku with an outbreak.

Granted that there may be some exaggeration in the accounts from the East, it is quite clear that the great pestilence is once more in the air. In Spain at any rate, where the danger has been studiously minimised, the fact that it is widely prevalent and in a virulent form, has now been officially admitted. Assuming that the Eastern and Western outbreaks each started from a single focus—the one in Asia Minor, the other in a Spanish village—it is certain that there are at least two wholly independent and apparently simultaneous epidemics in progress. This points to the interesting and important fact that in the present summer the climatic conditions are favourable to cholera. What those conditions are we do not know, but that these are such is certain. In some parts of India cholera is endemic, by which is not meant that it is always present, but that its seeds are. The disease is there, latent, waiting for the conditions which favour its activity; and when they occur, it breaks forth spontaneously. There is no reason why this should not be the case elsewhere, and we are quite justified in supposing that, both in Asia Minor and in Spain, latent cholera has this year met with the required conditions, and has become active. On this ground, then, we are likely to hear a good deal more of it, and not on this ground only. We are approaching the time of year most favourable to its activity. In Europe the highest point of the cholera curve has ever been in August and September. Further, there is yet another consideration, and that the most important of all—the disease has now appeared in large towns, and panic has set in. Cholera is chiefly propagated by fugitives from infected districts, who carry it with them. So long as it was confined to the interior of Asia Minor, and to the villages of Valencia, there was little chance of its spreading rapidly. The inhabitants have nowhere to fly to, except the next village. But when capital towns, containing many foreigners and many wealthy people, are attacked, the infection is at once

borne to the four winds of heaven. The young men who have died of cholera in Madrid had fled with companions from the province of Toledo in the one case and from Alicante in the other. "Many hundreds of families belonging to the upper and middle classes are daily leaving for France and the north of Spain by every train." In the East the case is still worse. A more fatal place than Mecca in pilgrim time cannot be conceived. It is hardly possible but that a widespread epidemic will result. Any chance there might be of confining the infection within bounds is further diminished by the adoption everywhere of that relic of the middle ages—quarantine. We hear of lazarettos hastily established and disinfecting apparatus marshalled on all the frontiers. The question of quarantine was thoroughly discussed at an International Sanitary Congress, more than twenty-five years ago, and the great majority of the experts were then against it. Time has only confirmed their opinion. Quarantine is indeed known to be a potent means of spreading the disease which it is intended to check; for a lazaretto forms a focus of infection which reduces to a minimum the chances that travellers and fugitives may have of escaping. It is refreshing to see that in Spain this is now recognised; "the Minister of the Interior has issued an uncommonly sensible and energetic circular, ordering the civil authorities to abstain from establishing any sanitary cordons, land quarantines, and other useless precautions." Elsewhere, however, the old order remains unchanged. France especially, both in Europe and Africa, holds obstinately to her lazarettos, stoves and carbolic acid. Bellicose Portugal has despatched gunboats to the coast, and troops to the frontier. Unfortunately the cholera microbe cares for none of these things. Of real prophylactics—of pure water and decent drainage—there is but little anywhere.

Here in England we have two lines of defence which will doubtless prove sufficient, as they did in 1884-1885. The first is our insular position. With a careful system of medical inspection at our seaports, accompanied by isolation of suspected cases, we can keep infection at arm's length. Cholera has always been introduced through our trading ports, and on this account it is a mistake to suppose that an outbreak in Spain does not concern us, for the South Wales coaling ports do a large trade with Spain. In ships coming from the Mediterranean, however, the disease, if on board, is certain to declare itself before reaching England, and can therefore be prevented from landing. The second line of defence is good sanitation. A single instance will show what effect this has upon cholera. In the town of Cardiff—by no means a hygienic paradise—the figures for three successive epidemics were as follows:—

In 1849 there were 351 deaths in a population of 16,693.	
" 1854 " 172 " " 22,461.	
" 1866 " 44 " " 35,794.	

The chief sanitary improvements took place between 1854 and 1866. It is unnecessary to add anything to these eloquent figures, except that much has been done since 1866, not only in Cardiff, but everywhere else. The terrors of cholera should be for us a thing of the past.

A NEW BATTLE OF LIFE.

THE battle of life is fought out in many ways. Some of these have been well known ever since man has been capable of recording passing events. Others less conspicuous, and therefore only recently recognised, are none the less real, or the less important. Amongst this latter class of contests between life and death, or, more properly speaking, between the life of one organism and that of another, none are of such vital interest as those which, unheeded, and hitherto unknown, are going on in our own bodies from birth till death. It is on

the result of this battle that the life and health of the species as well as that of the individual depend. If the invading army of lower organisms prevails over the higher, if the environment is favourable to the existence of the former rather than to that of the latter, the individual or the species perishes. If on the other hand the power of resistance of the higher organism is sufficient to withstand the attack of the lower, his battle for the nonce is won. Up to very recent years all researches into causes of life and death, such as these, have landed us only in the most general and most unsatisfactory conclusions. Only within the last few months has the subject been placed upon a sound scientific basis, for it is only the other day, as it were, since we have learnt how it is, that constantly living as we do in the midst of millions upon millions of minute organisms, existing in the air we breathe, in the water we drink, in the food we eat, many of which act as deadly poisons giving rise to fatal disease, we manage to live at all.

These most minute and yet most subtle germs of organisms not only exist in countless hordes around us, but some are of such power that if only a few penetrate into the interior of the body, into the blood vessels, for instance, the animal so impregnated dies. The researches of bacteriologists, especially of Pasteur in Paris and Koch in Berlin, have proved that this is so. Then how, we may ask, can the nurses in the fever wards ever escape? Why do not all who attend infectious cases take the infection? Why, in fact, are any of us alive, for often and often we have all certainly been in contact with these deadly organisms. We take them into our lungs in our breath, we swallow them in our food and in our drink. The purest water in France is that brought into Paris from the valley of the Vanne in a covered aqueduct, but this water contains when it flows into the city no less than one million organisms in every cubic inch. Many of these organisms are motile; under a powerful microscope they may be seen in rapid and constant motion; moreover, owing to this power of locomotion, aided by their extreme minuteness, they are able to penetrate without effort the delicate film-like membranes of the interior of the body. What now becomes of these creatures in the midst of which we live and breathe? Here comes the remarkable result of careful microscopic research. Herein lies the secret of the new battle of life. We find in the healthy animal, that whilst the mouth, the stomach, the intestines, may be, and usually are, crowded with these minute growths, the blood, the blood-vessels, and the whole of the internal organs to which blood is supplied, are perfectly free from them. In the infected animal, on the contrary, in the typhoid patient or in the ox suffering from splenic fever, for example, these organisms exist in the blood, and by the blood may be carried throughout the system. Even poisonous bacilli are constantly present in the body. Those causing diphtheria and pneumonia have been met with in the mouths of healthy men. Pasteur's septic vibrio is always found in the intestine of the rabbit. Yet no entrance of such microbes into the blood takes place. The men in whose mouths these deadly germs were found did not suffer from the disease which these germs undoubtedly always produce when they gain access to the blood. The explanation of these remarkable phenomena illustrates the saying that fact is stranger than fiction, and shows that the truths of science are more wonderful than any fairy tale. For what does the microscope reveal? Under the eye and in the hands of a Russian physiologist working in Pasteur's laboratory in Paris, the secret of this impotence of the microbe to penetrate into the blood has been divulged. For Metschnikoff has proved that certain cells contained in the blood of all the higher animals, termed phagocytes, identical with the well-known white blood-corpuscles, being endowed with the power of independent motion, not only wander inside but even make their way outside the tissue, and, *mirabile dictu*, pursue, devour, and

digest any bacilli, whether poisonous or not, with which they come into contact.

This is then the new and true battle of life which, hitherto unknown and unobserved, is constantly going on within the body. We now learn why no entrance is, under normal conditions, possible for the invading host. These phagocytes attack and annihilate it before it can do so. They are the watchful guardians of the body. So long as they remain on guard, the body is safe from attack; but should they, from any cause, relax their efforts, should they fall asleep at their posts, then the invading army of parasites passes into the system and destroys life either by the numerous mechanical lesions which it produces, or more usually by the poison which it secretes.

This is no fancy picture. It is a struggle for existence which can be followed in all its phases by anyone who takes the trouble to look for it. These phagocytes may be caught in the act. The medical journals contain vivid accounts of their doings, with drawings or photographs showing the enclosed and in some cases the half-digested bacterium. The wandering cells are, however, not particular as to what they eat, for we find that they swallow particles of carbon or other mineral matter with which they come in contact. This accounts for the fact that the interior portions of the lungs of all adult persons, whether inhabitants of our smoky towns or not, are blackened by particles of carbon, whilst those of young children are free from such blackening. The industrious phagocytes are at work all our life long; they collect the particles of soot which find their way down the air passages, and having swallowed them they pass with their load into the tissue, and there deposit it.

This apparently independent life of the cell within the organism is one of the most marvellous revelations of modern science. But a still stranger story has to be told about vaccination, and the extraordinary power of resistance to microbic attack which vaccinated animals exhibit. This tale must, however, be left for another occasion.

H. E. ROSCOE.

EXODUS.

WE are about to let ourselves loose as a people over the Continent of Europe, and it is an impressive, not to say an awful moment. History will, of course, repeat itself in the story of our autumn adventures. The articles in the French papers denouncing our persistent bad habit of going to the opera in tweeds will certainly appear by about the beginning of September. By the middle of that month the *Vie Parisienne* will take up the wondrous tale of the stoutness of our shoe-leather. Towards the close, we shall be the heroes of an adventure that turns on our strange insistence on paying for cups of coffee with £100 notes, and refusing the change. These things are inevitable, and none are new, while only some of them are true. Among the latter is perhaps the social sin of the opera. Yet if the foreigner knew that this is but a sin of invincible ignorance, he would spare the laugh. He thinks that tweeds signify an ill-timed exultation over the results of the battle of Waterloo. They signify no more than the want of a good manual of deportment for foreign parts. Such manuals as we have, or such traditions as supply the place of them, have taught us that France is still Goldsmith's "dear happy land of innocence and ease." Our free rendering of ease is "a pattern in checks." It is part of the holiday to leave the dress-coat behind. If we knew better, we should put the ease in the right place. The first service that can be rendered by a *cicerone* is to show where the natives draw the line in points of form. On all occasions of a ceremonial character the Frenchman, and, indeed, the Continental at large, is "the man in black." As these occasions deepen in

solemnity his black becomes a thing of tails. Down to a few years ago he alway conducted his courtship in a garment of this description. He attended his *fiancée* in evening wear and carrying a bouquet. He led her to the altar in the same style, daylight notwithstanding. This last obligation is modified to-day. He still calls on a Minister in this extraordinary garb, and it ought to be needless to say, that his use of it in the evening is much the same as ours. Where there are no tails, there must still be the hue of night for night functions; and though you will see many people not "dressed" for the less conspicuous places at the opera, you will certainly see none in shepherd's plaid. Why cannot these things be explained by authority? The Consuls are too busy in reporting on imports and exports, but the young *attachés* at the Embassies might be usefully employed in imparting all the needful information on the subject, between 11 and 2.

The foreigner sins by ignorance in regard to us as we in regard to him. He still deals with the Englishman of tradition, and his Englishman of tradition has the moral virtues with their drawback in a certain want of go. Undoubtedly we know how to ride and to tell the truth, but in a complex civilisation that is hardly enough. He thinks of us pretty much as some of us think of a Quaker or a Methodist of the Old Connexion. The virtues are all very well in their place, but they are a poor equipment for a dinner party, or for supper after the play. One of them at least has a withering effect upon paradox, and paradox is the life of a social reunion. The solid Englishmen—such is their unhappy prejudice about him—cannot converse. He will not undertake to give his opinion, or rather an opinion, off-hand, on every topic of human interest that may turn up in the course of an hour's talk. Why did they build the Pyramids? He cannot say; he is not an Egyptologist. He will write over to a friend at the British Museum, and let you know in time for the dinner party of the week after next. Alas! by that time the question before the Committee may be the source of Mademoiselle Tata's diamonds, the designs of Great Britain in Madagascar, or the coming war in the spring. Opinions on all these subjects must be knocked off at the moment. You must be ready to take the ball on the rise. The honest Englishman usually fails in these exercises because he is honest. *Diable!* it is hard to get a word out of him; and, to make the matter worse, his silence usually conveys the impression that he is inexpressibly shocked. He is only inexpressibly nervous—nothing more. His monosyllables seem a chronic protest. The point of view is so different. The foreigner lives to talk—and blessings on his head for it! The Briton seems only to talk to live; and where the living can be secured without talking he is silent, as a matter of course. Has the reader ever dined with a railway director—say with any railway director save one? The flow of champagne is unexceptionable, but what about the flow of the soul? The mischief is that our directors of all kinds are usually chatty only in proportion to the unsoundness of their companies. The chairman of the Company for Extracting Sunbeams out of Cucumbers is the liveliest Englishman we know. Where the reserve fund is all right, and the ordinary just as safe as the preference stock, you are apt to get but cold comfort in epigram. These distinctions are unknown in France. M. Renan is painfully profound in Syriac and in Hebrew, but meet him at dinner, and see how he exerts himself to please. He is exquisitely frivolous. We lack this note. Oh, how good we are in mixed company! how manifestly solvent! how respecting and respected—our voices ever soft, gentle, and low! And how the *convive*, whose blood has been warmed by the Southern sun, wants to shout to keep off the suffocation as he sits by our side!

Yet are our ways infectious too. Procure admission to any Club on the Continent and study the

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dandy who has put on British stolidity as a garment with a view to correctness of form. This is one of the essentially tragic spectacles of civilisation. The manner is not in him, it is only on him, and that, as everybody knows, makes all the difference. He acts stolidity and, of course, carries it to the point of caricature. One is not of the Latin race for nothing, with its cult of outward observance, its invincible tendency to speak before it is spoken to, and to forget to keep the bonnet to its right use. As a natural man, the Continental dandy burns to keep up these observances; but, as the artificial one, he neglects them with an offensiveness which renders it hard to refrain from visiting him with personal chastisement. He longs to "effuse"; but, in his anxiety to refrain in the proper manner, he turns his back upon you, or stares you straight in the face in sole and sufficient acknowledgment of your civil salutation. He hates to do these things. He will fly to remote parts of the establishment after doing them, and wipe the moistened brow of mental conflict. *Mais que voulez-vous?*—it is the English *morgue*. He wonders why on earth the English like it, as you might wonder why he likes a suggestion of garlic with his roast mutton; but it is English and it had better be done. Do not be hard on him. He is longing to make reparation; and one day, when he thinks nobody is looking, he will hug you in his arms and call you *mon brave*.

THE SPEAKER'S GALLERY.

V.—MR. HERBERT SPENCER.

THOUGH he has not yet attained the venerable age of Cardinal Newman, or even of Lord Tennyson and Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Herbert Spencer's seventy years rank him unmistakably with the band of veterans who have moulded English thought and life during the latter half of this expiring century. It is very nearly fifty years since Mr. Spencer began to give his socio-political speculations to the world in the columns of the *Nonconformist* newspaper; it is already thirty years since he felt his hold upon the public so firm as to justify him in launching that great monument of speculative daring, the "Synthetic Philosophy," "to be completed in ten volumes." The event has justified the philosopher's confidence in himself and in his public. If the ten thick volumes are not literally completed, the fabric of the system has long been practically finished; and if the enterprise at one time threatened to be wrecked for want of funds, Mr. Spencer has since floated into such popularity that he must have achieved the rare distinction of making philosophy pay. The "Synthetic Philosophy," with its impressions numbered by thousands, must be a good going concern. In an age like ours this is in itself a title to respect. In all seriousness, however, it may be said without fear of challenge that Mr. Spencer is the one living philosopher of world-wide reputation, and it is so far matter of national congratulation that this one philosopher is an Englishman. For it is well known that in the case of a philosopher the temptation to belong to some other nation—to Germany, say—is peculiarly strong. But at the present day neither Germany nor France has any thinker to show whose reputation can be compared for a moment with that of Mr. Spencer. In all this there is nothing said as to the soundness of the "Synthetic Philosophy," but the fact remains that it is translated and studied in all the leading European countries; it has ardent adherents in Russia and India, and America outside of the colleges may be said to be all its own. Societies are founded for the sole purpose of studying it, and a bulky "Epitome" in near six hundred pages runs into a second edition in half a year. These are facts not to be gainsaid. In short, no influence of a like kind has been so widespread and powerful since the days of Hegel and Comte, and neither of

these could in his lifetime claim such a cosmopolitan vogue as belongs to the Spencerian philosophy.

Apart from its intrinsic merits, one main cause of this unexampled popularity is the way in which Mr. Spencer has incorporated and utilised the results of modern science. Approaching the questions of philosophy originally from the scientific side, and himself widely and systematically read in the most recent literature of science, he fills his works with apposite illustrations from biology and physics, and imparts thereby to his theories that flavour of scientific certainty which the lay mind often finds so strikingly absent in the ratiocinations of the ordinary philosopher. Although it would be too much to say that he is the philosopher of men of science, he is certainly accepted by the mass of his readers as the accredited exponent and interpreter of scientific results in their bearing on what the Germans call "the last things." The magic word Evolution, in particular, which he has stamped upon the forefront of his system, is a key to unlock thousands of bosoms at the present time. It must not be forgotten that Mr. Spencer's thoroughgoing mechanical evolutionism dates from before the days of the "Origin of Species;" but it would never have been the word of power which it has proved had it not been for the great biological revolution of the last thirty years, and the influence this has had upon men's thoughts in the most varied spheres. Mr. Spencer has the good fortune—which in this case is also a merit—of riding upon the crest of the wave, of generalising the ideas which dominate contemporary thought. Darwin himself spoke of him in terms of unreserved appreciation, and to a considerable circle Mr. Spencer is as much "the philosopher" as ever Aristotle was during the Middle Ages.

And yet there are many—and many of those not unqualified to judge—who would almost deny to him the distinctive title of philosopher. They would say that his modest scientific generalisations leave the problems of metaphysics—that is, the strictly philosophical question—as good as untouched. The Unknowable is a fragment of Kantian thought borrowed from Sir William Hamilton, and amounts in itself to nothing more than a cheap confession of ignorance. Philosophical inquiry has for its very end and aim to determine the nature of its Being or Cause, of which the universe is the manifestation; and if this inquiry is set aside at the outset, the theory of evolution which follows loses its philosophical interest. It deals only with the mechanics of a process, and has nothing to say as to the ultimate meaning and moving cause of the process. In other words, it sinks to the level of science, as distinguished from philosophy. It is, no doubt, possible to express the phenomena of human life, and the process of the universe generally, in terms of the redistribution of matter and motion; but as philosophers we want to know what is the meaning or motive of this endless evolution and dissolution, which is in itself devoid alike of interest and of value. Matter and motion are at most but as the activity of the stage-carpenter and scene-shifter; they exist only for the sake of the drama which is to be played on the boards, they help us not at all towards the significance of the piece. It is the mind of the world-poet the philosopher would be at; or at least he would fain gather from the spectacle whether it is a piece at all that he sees, or only an aimless succession of entries and exits, and chance encounters.

So far Mr. Spencer's critics; and if one thinks of the great philosophers of the past—of Plato or Aristotle, of Spinoza, Kant, or Hegel—it must be admitted that Mr. Spencer is a philosopher, with a difference. The Idea of the Good, the thinking upon thought, the intellectual love of God, the categorical imperative, the evolution of a self-realising thought—all these are solutions not only different, but of a wholly different order from Mr. Spencer's. Mr.

Spencer has told us that at one time he spoke and wrote of an infinite and eternal Energy, from which all things proceed, but that he subsequently struck this out of his manuscript, as involving, in association at least, more than he felt entitled to say, and substituted for it the better phrase, the Unknowable. But even if Mr. Spencer had seen his way to the first phrase, the contrast between him and those whom the world ranks as its great philosophers would have remained as great as ever. For an infinite and eternal energy is still a mere force—a mechanical explanation invaluable when we are searching for the phenomenal causes of phenomenal effects, but simply darkening counsel when proposed as the noumenal and self-justifying cause or idea of the universe as a whole. After all, it is the old quarrel of the humanists and their opponents. Mr. Spencer, as we know, takes sides with the sciences of nature as against the humanities, and so he is eloquent of the eternities and immensities that know nothing of man; but man, as Pascal and others have told us, is greater than the universe, and the secret of the world either lies in the human breast or there is no secret at all worth knowing.

But even if the critics and objectors have a large amount of right on their side, the magnitude of Mr. Spencer's achievement is not to be disparaged. As a scientific generaliser he has unrivalled powers, and it is no little thing to have kept the unity of knowledge so steadily in view as Mr. Spencer has done. His task has been the organisation of existing science into a systematic unity with the aid of one far-reaching conception. To formulate and carry out such an enterprise implies no small magnanimity, in the good old sense of that word, and like Bacon, who in his day essayed a somewhat similar task, Mr. Spencer may justly flatter himself that he was born for the service of mankind. Only, unfortunately, he has not, like Bacon, the gift of a rich and memorable style. Mr. Spencer scorns literary graces on principle, and desires only to express clearly and completely the meaning he has to convey. It would be wrong to deny that he succeeds in being easily intelligible even when his pages are most overloaded with a cumbrous terminology and the latest births of scientific English. But what a difference between his colourless intelligibility and the lucidity of a writer like Professor Huxley, dealing with similar subjects, and aiming also only at directness of expression! Like the poet, the master of a prose style is born and not made; and style goes a long way towards ensuring immortality, even in the case of a philosophical reputation. It is to be feared that the utter lack of distinction in Mr. Spencer's style will militate against his chances of becoming a philosophical classic. His matter others will appropriate and express in their own way; it is form alone which gives immortality. But to enter so largely into the intellectual life of one's own generation is also much.

A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

XVI.—THE SAVILE CLUB.

THE Rambler once asked a policeman of Pall Mall why the street was so little used for traffic, and the policeman, lowering his voice to a whisper while with a wave of his arm he took in all the clubs, replied indignantly, "Would you have us waken the gentlemen?" "But surely," asked the Rambler, "they do not sleep in the day-time?" "Every mother's son of them," he replied (though he must have been merely guessing), and then, seeing that more information was wanted from him, added hastily, "But don't ask any more questions, if you please, until we are opposite the Athenæum." "Ah," said the pleased Rambler, who loves the atmosphere of letters, "they don't sleep in the Athenæum, I see?" "It ain't that, sir," the policeman explained, "but, sleeping or waking, the Athen-

æum gents can't be disturbed by our voices, 'cause why, they are mostly deaf, sir." "Good heavens!" exclaimed the Rambler. "The reason being," continued the policeman, "as I've heard tell (though what can one believe nowadays?) that no gentleman is eligible for the Athenæum until he is tremendous distinguished—and even then they do say as he is blackballed unless he be on his last legs." "And until he is old and stup—I mean distinguished," gasped the Rambler, "has the literary man no club?" "I have a notion," answered the policeman, contemptuously, "that the young ones have a little place for waiting in, called the Savile."

And in the Savile, the Rambler learns, the young ones wait a long time; but you have only to pass along Piccadilly at respectable hours to discover that they do not sleep. The Savile was started for the coming together of gentlemen of literary and artistic tastes who were seeing more of each other than was good for them as it was. Economy is still so much their rule, that champagne at dinner is held bad form—and a very good rule too. Most of the members are University men and the like (not that there is anything in the world quite like the man fresh from Oxford or Cambridge), and everyone has the right to speak to his neighbour—a privilege that would empty most London clubs, in which there is all but a rule that if your neighbour speaks to you you can complain to the committee. Socially, therefore, the Savile has its advantages, of which the members make such use that if one of them is contemplating a paper on *Æschylus's* treatment of the paulo-post future, or on Smith's essay, on Carey's essay, on Welsh's essay, on the lost essay of Williamson on a doubtful fragment by Ben Jonson, he could not (except by staying at home) keep it to himself. Some men who ought to be kings even at the Athenæum are members of the Savile; but they are not often seen there, perhaps because there is so much talk about literature. It was one of them who, having listened in the smoking-room for hours to brilliant criticism of a new member's work on the proper spelling of Shakespeare's name, tried the dining-room (where the subject was Penelope's hair ornaments), and only saved himself by hailing a 'bus and talking with the conductor about steak and onions. Yet the frequenters of the Savile are a set of men without whom the world would undoubtedly be poorer, and that is praise that could not be given to some lordlier clubs. They are not only cultured, but enthusiastic in their pursuit of culture, and perhaps the body of them deserve inclusion in the small body of Englishmen who know what literature is, or care to know. Except where their judgment is warped by their too slight knowledge of life, they are among the few capable of distinguishing the grain in modern letters from the chaff, and the Rambler is confident that they express their opinions honestly, though sometimes with the harshness of men not sufficiently reluctant to cause needless pain. Perhaps it is only the younger ones among them who, exulting much in their own attainments, fail to realise that the bargeman who has just seen his wife drown before his eyes has been of a sudden better educated than they for the work of life. Oxford and Cambridge, in respect for which the Rambler yields to none, are only schools, and sooner or later (unless they have stunted him for life) the graduate must find that out. But he would learn it on the Thames Embankment in a night better than at the Savile Club in a year, and that is why the Rambler thinks that many of these bright and able young men see more of each other at the Savile than is wise. Its atmosphere is but that they have left behind, in many ways a healthy atmosphere, in nearly all ways a most pleasant one, for the members have a great deal in common, in reminiscences and tastes and aspirations. But having already delayed long in coming into contact with all "sorts and conditions" of men, it is not prudent that they should delay longer. In the Savile they can air their graces, they can discuss writings that are "caviare to the general," and they

can acquire a habit of looking down upon the masses whose subjects are not theirs. Thus it is that the English University man, whether he be a studious recluse or the most social of companions in his own set, is often out of touch with much that is noblest and best in life. And this, too, is the reason why so many of those Savile members who left their colleges with such a reputation that nothing seemed beyond their grasp, have dismally disappointed their admirers. There was no such scholar of his years as A, and yet A, who may be seen daily at the Savile, has done nothing in a decade except edit a Greek play. B was assuredly to be poet-laureate, but what has become of him since he published that book of ballads which was so correct technically and so trivial in its matter that it was for birds to twitter rather than for men to read? He is still in the Savile, but no more is known of him. C had anxious moments at college because he could not decide whether to be a second John Stuart Mill or Prime Minister. The last heard of him (except that his address is the Savile) is that no constituency will have him because he seems to be of another breed of mortals from themselves. Once he would have rejoiced at this difference, but he is beginning to see, too late, that it is he who has the worse of it. Town and Gown may fight at college, but out in the world it is not enough that Gown should merely keep aloof from Town. He must get into the thick of it, where he will find that fighting is still necessary at times. But often he will discover that it is not against Town he should fight.

Outsiders call Savile men cold. It is because your scholar, or wit, or student, who is no more, is frightened to show his heart to the world. You will find almost everything that is good in the writings of Savile club men except heart. Culture, according to the outsider, has made prigs of them; but that is only because they will not let the outsider see how good company they are. They only open to each other, which is a pity, for they have often something worth saying, and still more frequently a pretty way of saying it.

The Rambler has met with members of other clubs who said that they never left the Savile without laughing when they got outside. They would not allow that they laughed at anything that had been said, but admitted that it might be because the Savile people seemed so earnest about trifles. There are, however, differences of opinion as to what constitutes a trifle, and the club that refuses to talk with interest about a Saga, all of which is lost except the final paragraph, may become long-winded on oyster-sauce. The Rambler suspects that some smile at the Savile merely because when they go there they are unpleasantly conscious that they have read nothing but newspapers for twelve months. Others have actually thought the Savile to blame because it closes in time to let members catch the last 'bus home. A member of the Club (the Rambler will not name it, for that would be to shame it) says that ladies could frequent the Savile without misgivings, but he cannot be brought to see that this is a high compliment. And to finish with the superlative degree of unconscious praise, it is said that the Club and the Savile no longer exchange civilities, because the people said: "At the Savile, if you want to say d—n, you have to go out to the doorstep."

THE BRITISH SCHOOL AT ATHENS.

THE "man in the street," who after all is an important personage and deserves every consideration, seems to find some difficulty in understanding what is meant by a "British School at Athens." Some misapprehension might perhaps have been avoided if the title suggested in Professor Jebb's original "Plea for a British Institute at Athens" had been adopted when the plan took

shape. For the term "School" gives colour to the idea prevalent in some quarters that the object in view is to send English students to Athens to learn Greek. Now, whatever may be the case later on, when Mr. Welldon and others have succeeded in eliminating Greek from the ordinary system of education, it is clearly not necessary as yet to send the would-be learner so far to acquire a mastery of that language. Where, then, is the necessity for a British school in Greece? The answer is that the institution in question is not a school in the ordinary sense. Its object is to enable advanced students to pursue on Greek soil, under the guidance of a competent scholar, and by the aid of a good library, the problems in art and history, in religion and in anthropology, which there can be worked out with most advantage. Day by day, as fresh discoveries are made, these problems gain in variety and fascination. To many of them the answer can only be found by patient investigation of monuments, by minute comparison of objects in museums, by scientific exploration and excavation on the sites of ancient cities or places of worship. No better centre for such enquiries, so far as they relate to the art, the life, and the thought of Greece, could be found than Athens. This the French saw long ago, and their school had already more than justified its existence when the Germans followed suit and established at Athens in 1874 a branch of that Archaeological Institute which had already done such splendid work in Rome. To the direct labours of these two Institutes we owe the memorable discoveries at Delos and Olympia which threw such a flood of light upon the history of Greek art and religion. To their influence and example we can hardly err in attributing in great measure the foundation and the brilliant activity of the Greek Archaeological Society, which, notably in Athens itself, but also in other parts of Greece, has within the last few years laid scholars of all nations under a lasting obligation. In support of this last statement we need only refer our readers to Miss Harrison's recent book on the "Mythology and Monuments of Ancient Athens," or to the admirable summary of the results of recent excavations on the Acropolis in the July number of the *Quarterly Review*. But even before these latest developments of research on Greek soil, the example of the French and Germans had fired the zeal of our cousins across the Atlantic, and an American School at Athens was established in 1882. Then at last it became evident that if England was not to be left behind in the race, she too must provide facilities for her scholars to enlarge the horizon of Greek knowledge and give new life to those classical studies which had long held so prominent a place in her schools and Universities. Professor Jebb's "Plea," in the *Fortnightly Review*, led directly to a meeting in June, 1883, at Marlborough House, summoned and presided over by the Prince of Wales, when the resolution was taken to establish a British School at Athens. Within three years sufficient money was raised to build a house on a site granted by the Greek Government, and the School was opened in October, 1886, Mr. F. C. Penrose acting as Director for the first session. He was succeeded by Mr. Ernest Gardner, who still holds the office. In its second session the School was able to assume the management of excavations undertaken in Cyprus for the Cyprus Exploration Fund, and the work of that Fund was entrusted also in 1888-9 and in 1889-90 to students of the School. In the session now ended, the School has also on its own account begun very promising excavations on the site of Megalopolis, where the theatre has been to a great extent uncovered, and seems likely to have an important bearing upon the controversy now raging among archaeologists as to the existence of a raised stage in the Greek theatre. There were twelve students at the School in 1889-90, a larger number than in any of the foreign Institutes at Athens. Besides those who conducted the excavations in Cyprus and at Megalopolis, two others have been making careful drawings of Byzantine churches in Greece, with a view to an

illustrated monograph on that important branch of art; another has been collecting materials for a commentary on Pausanias; and the rest have devoted themselves to one or other of the many departments of Greek archaeology. The Director has, as in previous years, besides delivering lectures, both public and private, contributed to the *Journal of Hellenic Studies* a most valuable account of recent discoveries in Greece; and the same periodical has published many other papers resulting from work done by the School.

Enough has been said to show the idea with which the School was established, and the work that has been done so far. The experience of the first four years proves beyond doubt that there will be a steady and increasing supply of students anxious and well qualified to take advantage of the facilities thus offered for research. The School has received welcome and encouragement from the native Greek archaeologists and from the members of the American, German, and French Schools. It has proved most useful also to English travellers visiting Athens, who there find guidance and advice, and even, at the Director's discretion, the opportunity of consulting archaeological books and journals. The existence at Athens of an outpost of English scholarship is, moreover, of no small account as drawing closer the tie of political sympathy between England and Greece. One thing only is wanting to the unqualified success of the enterprise. This is an adequate endowment. The present income of the School barely exceeds £400, made up of grants from the University of Oxford and the Hellenic Society, and the subscriptions of individuals. As these grants and subscriptions may at any time be withdrawn, it is obvious that, either by way of donation, or bequest, or annual subscription, a much larger sum must be raised if the School is to hold its own and justify the hopes of its founders. We commend its fortunes to the liberal support of all who desire that Englishmen should maintain their supremacy in classical studies, and assist as they ought in the generous endeavour to repay in some measure the debt which European civilisation owes to Greece by adding to our knowledge of her achievements in art, and in all that beautifies and ennobles human life.

THE WEEK.

MANY London hauntings of bookstalls will be sorry to learn that the well-known "cheap book-stall" in the Brompton Road, belonging to MR. EDWIN PARSONS, is now a thing of the past, as the Vestry have, by compulsory purchase, obtained possession of the piece of ground on which it formerly stood. Collectors of old and curious books will be sure to miss the stall very much. All sorts of eminent characters have been purchasers from it, including the Sage of Chelsea. CARLYLE often went with his niece down the Brompton Road on purpose to "rummage" (as he was wont to say) over this cheap bookstall, but, strangely enough, he would never enter the shop itself; and when invited to enter, invariably shook his head, and would continue to rummage over the treasures outside. MR. G. A. SALA is another literary man who, for years past, has been in the habit of paying a visit to the stall nearly every week, and many an old and valuable book in his immense library has been found on the now annihilated *al fresco* book emporium.

MR. EDMUND YATES has unearthed the most delightful piece of American journalism we have seen since the days of JEFFERSON BRICK. It is an attempt to combine the patriotism of that eminent man with the social discernment of MR. G. W. SMALLEY. The writer confuses MR. YATES with MR. SALA, makes LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL "LADY CHURCHILL," and "one of the ladies in attendance on the Queen,"

marries MR. HERBERT GLADSTONE to "an estimable young lady with a large bank account," and invests PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES with "loud jewellery" and "horsey" raiment. A Philadelphia paper has the distinction of employing the man or woman who displays this unerring familiarity with notable persons.

BUT the patriotism is the most striking part of the business. It does not take the form of fierce challenges to the Britisher, nor of dark allusions to the crimes of the Tower of London. Even the brain of a descendant of JEFFERSON BRICK feels the softening influences of time. So Philadelphians are assured that every distinguished being in this country is dying to go to America. MR. GLADSTONE wishes he could go, but sends his son HERBERT instead. MR. YATES "talks of taking a run over very soon." PRINCE GEORGE intends to make the hearts of the Newport maidens "go pit-a-pat." "LADY CHURCHILL" and her husband are contemplating "a flying trip," and "that advanced thinker, MR. W. T. STEAD," together with MR. GROSSMITH's "parlour entertainment," have actually gone. If these migrations should continue, there will soon be nothing left for the poor journalist on this side to chronicle except the doings of MR. G. W. SMALLEY and his disciple.

THE *Globe* finds it difficult to see why we should join the *Saturday Review* in what it terms a "dead set" against MR. W. D. HOWELLS. But, as a matter of fact, the writer of our *Causerie* was attacking only one-third of MR. HOWELLS, who is at once an artist, a critic, and a literary jingo. Heaven knows how he combines these three functions; but he does, and, of course, they conflict. As an artist he never needed a word of ours; as a critic he has a desolating inability to admire anything that is not amorphous, anything that has the shadow of an artistic form, but we like him better than most, nevertheless. The plague is that he is sworn to print admiration of everything written in the United States of America, and we cannot for the life of us see how the limits of criticism and geography should be identical. Nor can frequent assertions that America produces the best books in the world be likely (while unsupported by instances) to commend themselves to the foreigner. In the matter of MR. HOWELLS we take an attitude very different from that of the *Saturday*, which abhors the theory and practice alike of MR. HOWELLS; while we respect his practice so highly that we think it a pity he should utter any theory at all.

MR. THOMAS very kindly told his artistic staff of the *Daily Graphic* the other day that they had in their number men of higher hope and early artistic achievement than those he had about him when the parent *Graphic* was started. The *Pall Mall* took leave to doubt this, and, pointing to such names as FRANK HOLL, LUKE FILDES, PINWELL, HERKOMER, asked MR. THOMAS to produce his young men who can compare with these. MR. THOMAS defers his answer for a year or two; which is wise. A young man may possibly be hurt in his work by being believed in too ostentatiously; and certainly critics (including, of late, those of the *Pall Mall*) get so angry at the presumption of "early artistic achievement" that a property scalp and anonymity are necessary to the youth who would escape impertinent accusation. What, for instance, did the *Pall Mall* say about MR. RUDYARD KIPLING, because he had the insolence to appear among the *World's* "Celebrities at Home"?—a very modest feat for any human being, as the *World's* constant readers must have found out some time since.

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

IF the encouragement which MR. THOMAS bestows on the young be ill-advised, at least it is better reading than the following, which the *Pall Mall* published on Tuesday:—"A day or two since, I had the good pleasure to come across LORD TENNYSON, who was walking out with his son on the hills. The poet wore the 'slouch' felt hat familiar to us all in many photographs, and wore an indifferent suit of some pepper-and-salt mixture, cut loose and ill-fitting according to the general fashion. In fact, his whole appearance resembled that of the aged farmer. I enquired as to his lordship's health, and was informed by his companion that the Poet Laureate 'was very well,' a remark in which the latter seemed to coincide by a little nod of the head." This, we suppose, is the worship of the grandfather, running to seed a bit, as is natural in the silly season. No tout who creeps behind a hedge to spy on the exercise of race-horses can rate his dignity lower than does the man who writes to a paper that he "had the good pleasure" to extract a (slight) nod from LORD TENNYSON.

AND who was "the aged farmer" whom the Laureate so strongly resembled? Was it, we wonder, that one who said—

"Break me a bit o' the esh for his 'ead, lad, out o' the fence!"

No better testimony to the "personal magnetism" of CARDINAL NEWMAN could be found than the peculiar emotion that would be evoked up to the day of his death by the casual mention of his name in any common-room in Oxford. Long after he had ceased to pay any but the rarest visits to the University, he seemed to hold the affections of men opposed to him by a whole heaven on matters of belief, and to sway them as readily as he had used to sway them from St. Mary's pulpit. Three or four years ago his old college, Trinity, was adorned with no less than four effigies of the cardinal; and undergraduates of that college, who had never looked upon him in the flesh, were as fervid as the dons in honouring him. It was worth while to notice the faces in chapel whenever "Lead, kindly Light," was sung there; and few sets of rooms were sought after as were those whose windows looked upon the famous snapdragon growing on the wall between Trinity and Balliol.

THERE were, indeed, traditions of two NEWMANS in the college—the one a cardinal, the other a famous fox-hunter; and there lives a story of an undergraduate who filled the fox-hunter's rooms with a fine museum of the Oxford movement, in books and portraits, and entertained many lady pilgrims. But the cardinal was fond of sending pupils from the Birmingham Oratory to his old college; and by these the pseudo-traditions were swept away and the true kept alive. It is very certain that, though Trinity has many other distinguished sons, for none of them did she hold the like personal regard; and the same may be said of all Oxford. It was the man himself that everyone thought of.

HAPPY is the novelist who wins the favour of MRS. W. H. SMITH. That lady is reported to have recommended her husband to read "The Nugents of Carriconna." MR. SMITH accordingly sent to the publishers for a special copy, and forthwith MESSRS. SMITH AND SON bought up all the remaining copies of the three volume edition; and so the new edition in one volume, which was intended for the autumn, will appear next week. After this, MRS. SMITH may expect to be waylaid by desperate novelists, who will jump from behind trees, and presenting three volumes at her defenceless head, will exclaim: "Your life, madam, unless you accept this!"

THE newspaper correspondent who has been expelled from the *Iron Duke* has some reason to be aggrieved. He was convicted of having broken the regulations by describing "the prospective movements of the fleet." As these movements were pure speculation, the correspondent might have done real service to the Admiral by misleading the enemy. On the other hand, by some unconscious stroke of genius, he may have guessed the actual plan of action. That suggestion, at all events, ought to comfort him in his banishment.

THERE is good news for the lovers of biography. MR. ANDREW LANG has finished his "Life of Lord Iddesleigh," and its appearance may therefore be expected in the early autumn. That the book will be delightful as the sympathetic sketch of a man of a rarely sympathetic temperament, everybody must agree. But whether the accomplished author has found himself quite at home in the political portion of the story may be reasonably doubted. MR. LANG, the world has been given to understand, is inclined to look upon politics generally with the contempt natural to a poet.

THOUGH MR. W. E. BAXTER had written a book, it is not as an author that he will be best remembered. He made his mark in politics when he became a member of MR. GLADSTONE's first administration in 1868. The post which he filled was that of Secretary to the Admiralty, and great was the energy with which, in those days of reforming zeal, he attacked the corruption he found too prevalent in the supply of stores to the Navy. The world has almost forgotten his exploits in rooting out and rooting up abuses; but they deserve to be remembered. He was the terror of the old school of contractors and officials; waged war to the death against the vile system of "tipping" which prevailed so largely in those days, and was able to boast that he had saved the country a round sum of a million sterling on the Navy Estimates in his first two years of office. Perhaps he went too fast, for he had more of the *fortiter in re* than the *suaviter in modo* about him. Be this as it may, he was afterwards transferred from the Admiralty to the Treasury, where he soon came to loggerheads with his chief, MR. LOWE. Latterly he was but a shadow and a name—one of many who throng the corridors of our public life, and call back for a moment, in the minds of those who meet them, memories of bye-gone fights, and brilliant hopes destined to remain unfulfilled.

THERE is war at Birmingham, and the parties to the contest are none other than MR. CHAMBERLAIN and the members of the local Press. MR. CHAMBERLAIN, it seems, when he invited the reporters to attend his recent garden party, struck out of the card of invitation the words "and lady," thus limiting the invitation to the reporters alone. It was a foolish and unnecessary step, and it seems to have roused those who considered themselves aggrieved by it to a state of extreme anger. One would have thought that MR. CHAMBERLAIN, of all men in the world, would have been the last to put a slight upon the Press.

IN these days we are busily vindicating the reputation of great personages whom our censorious forefathers attacked. We have whitewashed SIR ELIJAH IMPEY. We have whitewashed the EMPRESS THEODORA. Only a short time since, in one of the series in which modern publishers delight, SIR ALFRED LYALL effectually disposed of some of the heavy charges which have been brought against the fame of WARREN HASTINGS. And now, at Calcutta, an intrepid historian, MR. FORREST, has faced the

laborious task of looking through the archives of the Government, and has just published three volumes of letters and State papers bearing on Indian history between 1772 and 1783. These papers almost cover the period of HASTINGS' government, and they cover also one of the most critical periods of Indian history. They go far to support SIR ALFRED LYALL, and to demolish the glorious rhetoric of MACAULAY, and they illustrate forcibly HASTINGS' broad outlook and fine sense of statesmanship, and his singular grasp of affairs.

APROPOS of Series, we are threatened with another, if not with several others. MESSRS. MURRAY are already advertising a series of "University Extension Manuals," dealing with "Literature, Science, Philosophy, History, and Art," and intended for all imperfectly educated people, but in particular for extension students. "Their aim," we are told—but we have no conception what it means—"is to educate rather than to inform." The series, however, is to be edited by PROFESSOR KNIGHT, and is to number such men as MR. GOSSE, PROFESSOR STUART, SIR ALFRED LYALL, and MR. STOPFORD BROOKE among its writers. Under such guidance it ought not to go astray, and it may give us some useful and valuable books. But we hope other publishers will not emulate it too freely.

WHILE publishers vie for the honour and profit of producing University Extension Manuals, the Oxford University Extension has just published the first number of its own Gazette. Its object is to provide for its students a monthly record of arrangements and events in connection with the movement, and a medium for discussion and correspondence. As behoves a University production, it is well written, and nicely printed. We think it will do its producers honour, and we hope it may bring them profit too.

THE author of "The Gates Ajar" has written a strangely foolish article in the *Forum* about the immodesty of American women. The licence of the ball-room, she says, is as bad as the rites of Aphrodite. MRS. WARD believes the "young man" who told her that he had "often danced with young ladies who were intoxicated." The evening dress of a fashionable woman is an outrage on decency, and the stage is encouraged by women to exhibit "moral monstrosity to the edge of abomination." No doubt some of MRS. WARD'S countrywomen will have a few plain words to say about these preposterous allegations. Such extravagant zeal can do little good; and when it proposes to boycott all ladies who wear evening dress, it offers its adherents a garment which is perilously like ridicule.

MR. JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY, who died a few days ago, was an interesting type of the Irishman who carries in his soul the iron of the British Government. When a hot-headed lad, he enlisted, broke his oath of allegiance to the Queen, and, as he always admitted, gave the Government a perfect right to shoot him. But then he was a Fenian of the days before any Irishman dreamt that English statesmanship would ever attempt to cure the ills of his country.

THE Government did not shoot the boy-rebel, but sent him to Australia as a "convict." The story of his escape is so dramatic that any playwright should be glad to utilise such a vein of human interest. O'REILLY had a friend in the prison who paid the captain of an American vessel to wait in the offing and pick the fugitive up from an open boat. When the time came, O'REILLY eluded his warders, and put to sea in his boat, but, to his amazement and despair, saw the faithless captain coolly sail away. Luckily

another vessel hove in sight, took him on board, and sailed for the very American port where, curiously enough, the traitor preceded him.

THEN came the moment for revenge. O'REILLY was received by enthusiastic compatriots, who suggested that he should raise much needed funds by giving a lecture. The hall was crowded, and in the front row sat the man who had deserted him. When O'REILLY described the baseness which left him in an open boat to perish or return to his gaolers, the audience rose in ungovernable fury, and yelled for the name of the miserable wretch, who sat in speechless terror waiting for the revelation which would probably cost him his life. "No," said O'REILLY simply, "I leave that man to the mercy of his conscience."

THE person who has been mulcted in £10,000 for breach of promise of marriage may enjoy a dubious fame on account of such exemplary damages. Otherwise the case is not likely to make a halo for anybody concerned. The conduct of mother and daughter cannot be admired, and the interests of justice would have been better served if the punishment of the defendant had put nothing into the pocket of the plaintiff.

THERE is a curious double error in MR. TOVEY'S "GRAY and his Friends," recently reviewed by us. In MITFORD'S excerpts of GRAY'S collectanea, as printed therein, we read "Bp. of Norwich finds the Pretender reading P. d'Orléans." On which MR. TOVEY annotates, "VOLTAIRE'S 'Pucelle.'" The bishop can hardly have had much opportunity of observing the Pretender's studies, but he was preceptor to GEORGE III. The error no doubt arises from "Pr." having been filled up *Pretender* instead of *Prince*. The book which the Bishop found his pupil reading was PÈRE D'ORLÉANS'S account of the Revolution of 1688, composed as a vindication of JAMES II. The Bishop very properly remonstrated, and lost his appointment in consequence.

A CORNISH HARBOUR.

I HAVE already set it on record in these pages that if it be night, and my way lie through Piccadilly westward, I always take the left hand pavement; for then, in the dark hollow of the Green Park, and the line of gas-lit streets beyond, I can see a little land-locked harbour in the west country that I know. Of late it has struck me that I may not be alone; for there is a bench under the tree as you approach Hyde Park Corner, and a tramp is usually stretched there who, I fancy, may know the same mirage, and comes here to wake in the summer nights and see it. I notice that his face is always turned from the street and the traffic; and if he and I are of the same mind, he must have felt his nostalgia sharply during the last week or so.

It was easy to pity him this morning when the sound of church bells awoke me, and stepping out upon the little balcony before my bed-room window, I saw the reality at my feet. But there was an unusual stir about the little port. Veils of blue smoke already hung over the roofs by the water-side, and a glance at the many flag-staffs told me what I ought to have guessed from the bells. It was regatta-morning, and I ran down at once to hoist my own Union Jack. As it floated up, the crews along the anchorage began to dress their craft, so that when the sun broke over the cool eastern hill and touched the water into a dazzle, there was hardly a vessel but wore her gala flags from bowsprit to peak and from peak down to taffrail—yachts, schooners, chasse-marées and billow-boys, vessels of every rig and every nation. The harbour was crowded as I have scarcely ever known it; and, with the exception

of a few Germans, all the crews were plainly bent on keeping holiday.

To lean over the quay-door and watch the bustle as it grew was all the work I cared for this morning; and (I suppose because my head is not yet clear of the din and smoke of town) the spectacle beneath my eyes became less real than the visions I had seen two nights ago across the Green Park. It was the past of the small grey port, its memories and associations, that leapt to the eye that morning, shining through the phantom incidents of regatta-day.

For instance, the excursion steamer beside the quay is pouring out, not black smoke and cheap trippers, but a horde of red-haired Danes, who presently shall make the narrow streets run with blood; and, finding the spot pleasant and the fare good, shall stay and stay, month after month, till the birds build in the rigging of their ships and the sails rot from their yards. Those white-winged craft now fluttering out their spinnakers before the faint breeze are not racing yachts, but carry Crusaders away to the Holy Land; and the shouts that woke the echoes just now came from no hired crews, but from men saying farewell to wives and native town. The eye follows them with tender concern past the church, the old guard-houses, and the windmill that still crowns the height above the port, and was a well known sea-mark to those very Crusaders. Many women for many centuries have stood up there, and watched their husbands' keels sinking below the horizon; and one man stood up there and, looking down, was moved to write a song that the public has accepted for its true note of feeling, without inquiring about the source of its inspiration—

"Break, break, break
On thy cold grey stones, O sea—"

This is the "haven under the hill." The sails have vanished from the old windmill, and there is a better sea-mark now. There, by the harbour's mouth, above the Castle and slope of the battery guarding the entrance, two granite arches meet and cross in the midst of a belt of gorse bushes. Beneath them a man lies buried, who chose to rest on this windy eminence rather than to sleep with his fathers in the shelter of the church, and explained his reasons on the flat stone beneath the arches:—"A man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind and a covert from the tempest." It was a fine desire to be useful (and therefore remembered) after death; and it was worthy of the man's forefathers, who sent out ships with Frobisher, and men to cope with the Armada, and were jealous of the good name of their small town in its splendid days.

How it has fallen below its past you may guess by help of the fact that in Edward III.'s day it sent out forty-seven ships to the blockade of Calais—a larger armament than was furnished by any other town in the kingdom except Yarmouth. Later, it attained the glory of a cinq-port by no favour but the right hands of its valiant men. These, sailing by Rye and Winchelsea, "would vail no bonnet, being required;" so the men of Rye and Winchelsea came out to have satisfaction, and took a drubbing instead, and lost their cinq-port chain, which was proudly carried off and slung here between the two forts that still look on each other's decay across the harbour. They were little better than pirates, these "gallants" as they called themselves; but the romance of their deeds has not perished out of the place. I saw a steam tug go by just now with "Gallant" in gilt letters on her bows, and it is a minute only since I heard called out, on the water below me, a word that enshrines one of their boldest feats.

"Billy, my son, be 'ee goin' to race to-da-a-y?"

"No-o-o!"

"How's tha-a-t?"

"I'm busy takin' trippers for a pennord o' sa-a-y!"
(A holiday row is a "penn'orth of sea" in these parts.)

"Better go in for a five-shillin' prize than pussivant after pence!"

"Pussivanting" is a good word for ineffective bustle, and it dates from the fifteenth century. In those days so high was the spirit of the sea-captains of this port and so irksome the toll of blackmail they levied in the Channel, that King Edward IV. sent poursuivant after poursuivant to threaten his displeasure. His messengers had their ears slit for their pains, and "poursuivanting" remains by tradition a thankless business here.

The sun is hot by my quay-door; but across the water the hill-side still rests in cool shadow. Along it runs a grassy path, and as King Charles I. walked and pondered here one morning in the year 1644, a cannon-ball came within a yard of preventing "that memorable scene" outside the windows of Whitehall. His Majesty was looking down on Essex's army, which was here cooped in and surrendered a few days later; its commander escaping by boat, and its cavalry breaking through the royal lines and riding away under cover of a foggy night.

The bright crowd below has become a kaleidoscope, its pieces of colour arranging and rearranging themselves into these and many other pictures of the past that a man must have constructed for himself times out of number before he can truly make his own the place of his desire. In time he will not need to have the place before him, but will make shift even with a London crowd; and somehow it seems to-day that I have seen the features of home more clearly in exile. Is it that I grow a stranger to the land that suckled me—that I am missing the quick familiar knack of creeping close against her breast? And, if so, what shall London give in exchange for it? Perhaps it will happen to me, as doubtless it has happened to my friend the tramp, to stand between two voices, one of the sea, one of the rolling traffic of the city; to listen to both and end by understanding neither; to go through life repeating always the stanza we learnt in the nursery—

"Oh, would I were where I would be!
Then would I be where I am not;
For where I am I would not be,
And where I would be I cannot."

No: let me wait for to-morrow, when the holiday racket shall be over, and for the dearer sights, sounds, and smells of the little port—the capstan-song, the noise of mallets busy, the reek of pitch in the boat-building yards, and the vessels dipping their flags as they sweep past my window to the sea.

Q.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

THE NEXT HOME RULE BILL.

SIR,—Mr. J. Colquhoun Reade is conspicuous by his absence in this week's *SPEAKER*, but his place is filled by E. D., who, very vainly, I venture to think, is trying to bolster up the case of the runaway. I thought Mr. Reade was not serious! I felt certain he had penetration enough to see that the reiterated objections to Mr. Gladstone's former Bills had all been met and answered. I do not speak for Mr. Morton. In my own behalf, and in the certain knowledge that I give expression to the views of a very great number of Liberals, I say that *Mr. Gladstone has defined his policy as much and as clearly as it is possible to do it, short of tabling his Bill now.* And whatever the change he proposed meant, or means now, and since the fuller discussion of his policy has taken place, the country understands it; so do the Tories; and it is in the highest degree impossible to come to any other conclusion than that the Liberal Unionists and their allies fully and completely understand it too. It would be a simple insult to their understanding to think otherwise. E. D. is much exercised about the differences he has discovered in the opinions of Mr. Asquith, Mr. Morley, Lords Spencer, Rosebery, and Ripon (may I add), and the *Pall Mall Gazette*. I am at a loss why he stopped his enumeration with the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Why not mention the *Times*, and, as make-weights, the *Standard* and *Daily Telegraph*? They are all equally opposed to Home Rule in any form, particularly the *Pall Mall*; for it is notorious if one word has ever appeared in that very erratic journal in favour of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy, ten words have followed on the opposite side. E. D. ought to get the *Pall Mall* to support either one side or the other, and if that is not possible silence would be better, and would at least make some people imagine that the *Pall Mall* was at last

learning to be discreet and consistent. This leads me to suggest to E. D. at once, as urged by Mr. Morton, to settle his differences with the Liberal policy, and leave the followers of Mr. Gladstone to settle their differences themselves; otherwise E. D. and those who think like him will suffer political annihilation as certain as fate when the General Election comes round. What he and they have to settle is, that they are really in favour of Home Rule, which no one at present believes them to be. When they have arrived at a solution of that first principle, then the constituencies which own them will say what amount of credence they are entitled to, and pay them accordingly. It is decidedly too late for E. D. and such to be hair-splitting and speculating about what someone else believes about Home Rule. It has become a near and personal question, and it depends upon themselves individually now, whether at the next election they are to be reckoned as friends or enemies. That is the view, I take it, Mr. Morton has intended to give, and it is clearly enough understood to be the present position of the Liberal Unionist leaders. There could not be a more fitting and perfect conclusion to this letter than to quote a portion of the concluding paragraph of the article in this week's *SPEAKER* on Mr. Gladstone (page 143):—"Who now ventures to affirm that Home Rule is dead, or that Mr. Gladstone merely beats the air when discussing the old question of Ireland? Never since Parliament was reformed has a more important or more significant election taken place than that at Barrow. It taught even the dullest of observers that above and before all other questions still looms that Irish problem—the sphinx whose riddle must be answered before we can go our way in peace. This is the triumph of Mr. Gladstone. It is for this that he has been labouring with untiring devotion during the past four years, and it is this which he has seen accomplished during the six months' residence in London which has just come to an end. *That it is the prelude to the more momentous triumph of the ballot-boxes everybody knows and must admit* [the italics are mine]; and that the Liberal leader may be spared to see this triumph also is the prayer of millions of enthusiastic followers, as well as of every generous foe." We do not expect Liberal Unionists to join in this prayer; because they have convinced us beyond a shadow of doubt that they would not support Mr. Gladstone in bringing about Home Rule for Ireland in any form whatever, such as he has expounded it. This is the grand point of difference betwixt Home Rulers and Liberal Unionists.—Yours truly,

JAMES WALKER.

Birmingham, 11th August, 1890.

PSYCHE.

A VACATION PHANTASY.

"Gain the still BEAUTIFUL—that Shadow-Land!
Here contest grows but interchange of Love,
All curb is but the bondage of the Grace;
Gone is each foe—Peace folds her wings above
Her native dwelling-place."

Schiller: "The Ideal and the Actual."

A GLIMPSE, a gleam, o'er street, o'er stream,
'Midst noonday rush, in twilight dream,
Of that abiding face,
And dulness from the day is gone,
And common things of earth take on
A glory and a grace.
O happy gift, the power to trace,
Amid the clouds, above the fight,
In living lineaments of light,
That peaceful presence, which the dust
Of conflict dims not, which the thrust,
The lethal thrust of loveless fray,
Cannot attain to mar or slay!
It brings, like flower-scents, back it brings
The sweetness of forgotten Springs;
It soothes like the soft waft of wings,
Dove-wings that winnow summer air
About the brow of prone despair;
It whispers of all priceless things,
Of classic grace, the nereid's dance,
And radiant romance;
Of the indomitable calm
Of pale Alceitis, and the balm
Of Juliet's rose-flusht summer night;
All lofty moods of love, and light,
And brave deliverance, speak therein,
And lo! the dust, the din
Of mortal struggle are no more,
Nor the rude crowd's unreasoning roar;
But through dull chaos order looms,
And 'midst the desert living beauty blooms.

A dream! Perchance; but happy those
Unfaltering followers of the dream,
To whom chance waftings of the rose
Across an autumn stream,
Low woodland flutings heard afar,
The glimmering of the evening star
Through dusky foliage, twilight rest,
The pure curve of a girl's breast,
Her soft lips' hyacinthine grace,
Call up the vision of that face!
Not unto such is common life
All sensuous drowse or sordid strife;
The radiant Psyche-wings
Flutter above the arena's fume,
And gleams of living light illumine
The dull world's dreariest things.

E. J. M.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE.

Friday, August 15th, 1890.

THE only successful attempt that has ever been made to form an Academy of Letters on the model of the Académie Française seems to be the Svenska Akademi, founded in 1786 by Gustavus III. Other monarchs have upon various occasions founded imitation academies, but they have either been utter failures, like the Slavo-Græco-Latin Academy of the Emperor Alexis, or else, like the Academy of Sciences of Peter the Great, which I believe still flourishes in St. Petersburg, the ground covered has been wider, and less exclusively literary. But the Swedish Academy, created to commemorate the greatness of "the Scandinavian Augustus," was built up on the exact model of the French, and still enjoys a life relatively as vigorous as that of its Parisian prototype.

It consists—and herein Gustavus showed his excellent judgment—not of forty, but only of eighteen members. The small population of Sweden, and the contracted sphere of its literary life, was such as would have been swamped and made ridiculous by the adoption of the larger number. But there may always be found a dozen and a half men of real intellectual distinction in any country of the size of Sweden; and as a fact the little Academy of that country has kept up its tradition very decently. In the first instance, the King chose thirteen of the original members. They met on the 20th of March, 1786, and elected five more Immortals. Their choice was hardly so literary as the King's; for if they selected one eminent poet, Leopold, they gave the four other chairs to a courtier, a bishop, the head of a college, and an amiable nonentity.

The duties of *de Aderton*—the Eighteen—were laid down by their pious founder as being "to support and encourage poetry, eloquence, history, and the study of our mother-tongue, as well as to combine in the labour of producing a Dictionary and a Grammar of the Swedish Language." Besides this ample charge, the palm-bearers were instructed to reward literary talent by the distribution of prizes, the works submitted for purposes of competition having to be strictly anonymous. Gustavus III., like Nero, was himself anxious to be the winner of a prize, and (entirely wrapped up in mystery) there was laid on the desk of the secretary, Count Von Höpken, a certain "Eulogy of Lennart Torsensson." The King was a very clever man. Perhaps the infant Academy had not had a great number of MSS. submitted to it? Perhaps—? Scepticism and ill-nature may say what they like: the fact remains that the Eighteen met, discussed the various papers, and finally gave its First Prize—first in date, but also first in value—to the modest roll which contained the "Eulogy" above mentioned. Had any warbler whispered? Were the Eighteen absolutely ingenuous and honest? Who shall decide? At all

events, when it was made public that the King himself was the author of that MS., and thus had won from all comers in open fight the gold medal of his own Academy, the general—nay, the national—satisfaction knew no bounds. If the Academy really had not been aware of the Royal ambition, and if there were some of the Eighteen who had argued in favour of another candidate, what a sense of relief and yet of retrospective awe they must have felt, and how providential their choice must have seemed to them to be! It is all very well for a monarch to cry, "*Gustavus III. patriis Musis*," but suppose the graceful sacrifice is accidentally rejected! The idea is enough to make an Immortal bosom shudder.

How charming it would be if the American Academy could crown the anonymous merit of President Harrison! On this side of the Atlantic it may not be generally known that such an institution as the American Academy exists. I say it in all humbleness, for I have only just learned it myself, from an interesting series of communications published in the New York *Critic*. It seems that so long ago as the 12th of April, 1884, that newspaper published the results of a *plébiscite*, as it is called, among its readers, designed to point out the Forty American Immortals most worthy of holding academic chairs in a "possible American Academy." For the benefit of those who, like myself, never met with the original list of forty, the *Critic* now reprints it. It is a document of considerable interest, and even value. But the American electors would have done well to imitate King Gustavus, and to limit their number to eighteen. It strains American genius rather severely to distinguish forty names worthy of even Academic immortality. It is, however, honourable to the principles of universal, or at least of promiscuous, suffrage, to find none of those names omitted which it would be the mark of ignorance to leave unmentioned. Some odd company has pushed in to fill up the forty seats, but at all events Lowell is not left out, nor Holmes.

Shall we be so daring as to cut down this list, which I refrain from reprinting, to Eighteen, and so make an Academy on the Swedish, instead of the French, model? Holmes, Lowell, Whittier, and Bancroft, which are the four first names, must come in, as a matter of course; and so must Aldrich, for his polished verse; and Henry James, whom we have yet a certain scruple in giving back to the only country where he is not at home; and Parkman, the prince of American historians. Was it not Furetière who was elected to the French Academy for his wonderful story, "*Le Roman Bourgeois*," and ejected from it for his still more wonderful criticism? We must have Howells in, for his novels, and must hope that no one will ever be cashiered from the best of all possible societies. A pair of tale-makers, masters of the *conte*, come next. Room for Bret Harte and George W. Cable; Nelson Page should go in with them, if I had my way, for the sake of those exquisite Virginian tales of his, but his name is not among the *Critic's* forty. Our next batch must include the critic-poets, Stedman and Stoddard; two delicious essayists, G. W. Curtis and John Burroughs; Mark Twain (whose honour, in spite of past favours, I grudge because of his coarse and ignorant travesty of the Table Round); and two aged scholars of renown at Yale, Whitney and Noah Porter. We are now seventeen, I find, and to make up our full tale let us surprise Walt Whitman, in his retreat at Camden, by election to our Academy. That would be an Eighteen, I fancy, at which even the *Saturday Review* could scarcely mock.

It is six years and a half since that list of Forty was constructed which I have here taken the

liberty of boiling down to Eighteen. Without flippancy be it spoken, Death has in the meanwhile shown itself a true friend to the American Academy. It has removed from its roll nine names, none of them very illustrious, names whose presence merely weakened the force of the remainder. Of these the youngest would now be approaching seventy, and the oldest would have passed ninety. They were aged men, whose fame was mainly honorary, connected with long and influential college life, or else with a style of thought now obsolete. It has struck the editors of the *Critic* that these nine vacancies ought to be filled up.

There have frequently been founded amateur or imaginary Academies. We have had them in our own country. But I think that the case is unprecedented in which the existing imaginary or amateur Academicians have been called upon to elect fresh members to empty seats. This, however, has just been done in America, and the result is undoubtedly of interest. The *Critic* seems to have taken all the necessary trouble. The thirty-one Immortals were not called upon to meet under any cupola of Washington, or to vote with actual balls of white ivory or black. But the *Critic* sent to each survivor a paper with nine lines left blank upon it, and begged him to fill it up with the names which he thought most fit to succeed to the nine who had passed away since 1884.

The extraordinary thing is that with scarcely any exceptions the famous personages responded to the appeal. In America, a man of letters, even when very eminent and aged, is much more under the thumb of the journalist than his *confrère* in England. Of the thirty-one, more than a quarter of whom are septuagenarians at least, all but three responded. The venerable Mr. Bancroft, who is as old as the century, is no longer in health to form a critical judgment; Mr. Walt Whitman declined the invidious task; and Mr. James, who is believed to be in concealment in the jungles of Europe, could not be discovered; but the enterprising editor had no other disappointments.

It certainly is interesting to know who are the nine whom their own compeers call up into the heaven of amateur immortality. By far the largest number of votes were given for Mr. R. W. Gilder, the sympathetic editor of the *Century Magazine*; to whom followed the most elegant divine that the Episcopal Church in America possesses, Dr. Phillips Brooks; then Professor C. E. Norton; then a more distinguished Professor, Francis J. Child, of Harvard, editor of the finest and most critical collection of British Ballads now extant. Below these came Mr. Stockton, the most fantastic of story-tellers; Mr. H. C. Lea, of whose claims to immortality I have, with a blush, to own myself wholly ignorant; Mr. Andrew D. White, lately the president of Cornell University; "*Uncle Remus*"; and finally Mr. H. H. Furness, the most eminent of American Shakespearians. With one or two doubtful exceptions, this is a good list, a list in every way superior to that of the nine which it supersedes.

It is easy to throw cold water on a newspaper Academy, and still easier to protest an ignorance of transatlantic talent. This may prove, however, to be no real sign of intellectual high breeding; and one thing must in any case be conceded—namely, that this list of Forty American Immortals, even if the claims of some of the members are slight, is not ignoble. Mere vulgar success—a crude appeal to the sensation-mongering of the masses—has not stood the candidates in good stead. If a king or a cardinal had revised the list, it could scarcely be more refined. Its weak points are caused by the

unquestionable paucity of strong material, not by concession to qualities that are coarsely popular. The desire to honour what makes for the higher intelligence, to show appreciation of imagination, scholarship, and intellectual elevation, these honourable instincts have inspired the election. If America does not produce forty men of genius, that is not the fault of the electors. An Academy of Eighteen would perhaps have been more manageable, but this of Forty is not despicable. Now that the body has positively begun to fill up its vacancies, it may be expected to continue to live. Its duties and emoluments will be shadowy, but it will at least enjoy one advantage over its more solid French and Swedish prototypes: no possible revolution can shut its doors, or rudely tear the palms off the green coats of its members.

E. G.

REVIEWS.

THE STORY OF SCOTLAND.

THE STORY OF THE NATIONS: SCOTLAND. By John Mackintosh, LL.D.
London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1890.

WHOEVER invented the fashion of calling histories "stories," though he no doubt thought it a good stroke to distinguish a dry history from a popular story, has much to answer for. History is the good old word of the father of Greek history, in whose narrative there is more life than in any of the myriad tales of those who have since written real or imaginary stories. "Story," like most English synonyms, has a useful variation of meaning, and is properly applied to tales written for the amusement of younger or older children. By all means let us have lifelike and living histories, but do not let us confound the office of an historian with that of a story-teller. This criticism applies perhaps more to the name given to the present series than to the particular work under review, which does not possess the character either of a good history or a good story. Another feature of this series deserves a note. There is no reason why history should not be well illustrated. The French, who have taught us so much in the art of history, have given admirable examples of the use of the pictorial art. Who has not turned over with delight and instruction the illustrations to Froissart, which add colour to the pages even of the most pictorial of chroniclers, or those in Guizot's History of France told for his grandchildren? But discrimination is necessary in the choice of illustrations. What use is there in an imaginary portrait of Robert the Bruce, unless to deepen the regret that no authentic likeness exists? No authority is given for the portraits of the Regent Arran or Mary of Guise, and their part in Scottish history does not justify their selection in preference to many characters omitted, as James I., James IV., and the Regent Murray. James VI., probably because of his quaint hat, has received the honour of the frontispiece; but the king who left, hated, and misunderstood Scotland, does not deserve so prominent a place. There is no special fitness in the Romans being represented by a single urn found near Edinburgh. A comparative view of the stone wall of Hadrian and the earthen wall or mound of Agricola and Antoninus would have been more to the purpose. When there are so many good works on Scottish coinage, from Cardonell and Lindsay to Cochrane Patrick and Burns, inferior cuts of a few pieces of David I. and the Alexanders are not worth giving. Scotland is a picturesque country, and the noble sites of Edinburgh and Stirling have distinct historic importance which justifies their insertion. But why is Dumbarton, the isolated and commanding rock of the Britons of the West, omitted; or Berwick, round which for centuries the internecine war of England and Scotland raged? Arran and Scur-na-Gillian, on the other hand, which would be appropriate in a book on the picturesque beauties of Scotland, are not at home in an historical work. It is necessary, of course, that

John Knox, Queen Mary, and George Buchanan, should appear. Unfortunately, no portrait brings out the character of the Reformer, and Carlyle's scepticism as to Beza's print was partially justified. Mary Stuart is taken from "a print in the British Museum." Surely, after Mr. Scharff's recent analysis, we should at least be told what print, and from what portrait. Buchanan's rugged, severe, and powerful but coarse features are smoothed down from Beza's print into those of an amiable and placid old gentleman, by methods which only the book-illustrator knows. Why have we not Alexander Henderson and Argyle to represent the Covenanters, and Montrose and Claverhouse to represent the Royalists? Nasmyth's Burns is refined away into a drawing-room beau instead of the poet of nature, and Scott appears in the saddest of the portraits which recall the melancholy decline of genius. The portrait of Charles Edward in later years might well have been replaced by the Bonny Prince Charlie of Jacobite tradition. The difficulty of selection may be fully admitted; yet it must be distinctly said, a good selection has not been made, but rather one at hazard, out of a chance lot of prints and photographs. The series of illustrations in Miss Zimmern's "Hanse Towns" in the same series is an example of how such a selection may be made.

Passing from the illustrations to the matter illustrated, it is unfortunate that so admirable a subject as the History of Scotland presents for a graphic narrative has not been better handled. Mr. Mackintosh is favourably known for his bold and original attempt to trace the progress of civilisation in Scotland. His former book, though unequal, proved wide reading and a conscientious endeavour to collect the materials of social history, which political historians too often ignore. But the present work labours under the double fault that it is neither interesting nor thorough. While accurate so far as it goes, it does not, by judicious selection and vivid narration, bring out the characteristics of Scottish history. A republication of "The Tales of a Grandfather," with a supplementary chapter on the latest period, a very few corrections in the mediæval history, and an addition bringing it down to the present time, would have been in every way preferable.

It is indeed difficult to compete with Scott in the field of lively narrative history. There has no doubt been a good deal added to Scottish history by Tytler, Burton, and Skene, since Scott wrote. Still, the main features of the gallant and successful attempt of North Britain to maintain its independence before the Union, and of the skilful and successful policy by which it retained that independence, combined with the advantages of the Union, remain the same. The great characters of Scottish history are indelible, however much room for controversy may be left as to particular points. The venerable figure of St. Columba; Queen Margaret, the last of the saints; Wallace, the patriot commoner; Bruce, the patriot king; Alexander III., the prosperous monarch overtaken by calamity before his death; the First and Fourth of the Jameses, whose brilliant reigns did not save them from the evil star of their race; Mary, the central figure of the greatest of the tragedies which fill the annals of Scotland—these and other characters should have been brought out in stronger relief than the author has attempted. Nor are the incidents less striking than the characters. The romance of war runs through nearly the whole history. It begins with the distant conflicts of Roman and Caledonian, Pict and Scot, is continued in the campaigns of the English sovereigns so often on the point of subjugating Scotland yet in the end baffled, and is diversified by the hairbreadth escapes of Wallace, Bruce, Douglas, Randolph, and the defeats of Falkirk, Flodden, Solway Moss, as signal as the victories of Stirling Bridge and Bannockburn; yet, throughout the whole history, the indomitable courage is conspicuous which never acknowledged defeat as final.

The period of the Civil Wars requires specially careful presentation, commencing with that between father and son, James III. and IV., and ending in the diminution not of the power of the nobles, but of the sovereign. Very memorable, too, have been the marked contrasts of character in so small a country. The gradual blending of Celt, Saxon, and Norman, of Highlanders, Lowlanders, Borderers, and men of the coast, the Gentlemen of the North, the Men of the South, the People of the West, and the Folk of Fife, as Scott distinguished them—of Cavaliers, Reformers, and Covenanters—into one nation, requires to be carefully followed. The points of difference between Scotland and England must be brought out in order to explain why the two nationalities still retain, nearly three centuries after the Union, their distinctive characters. It requires especially to be noted how the burghal and rural population, more slowly than in England, but more firmly at last, have combined to make the commons more democratic but less socialistic than the English. Not less important, though almost omitted from the present work, are the Continental relations of Scotland—with Scandinavia, France, Denmark, Holland, and Germany—cemented by royal marriages, and the constant passage of the Scot abroad in search of adventure, learning, and trade.

We can only very rapidly indicate the deficiencies in Mr. Mackintosh's work. The Roman Conquest and the earlier Celtic period do not lend themselves to popular treatment, and may well enough in such a work be omitted, as Milton omitted the battles of the Kites and Crows of the Heptarchy. There is, however, one exception. The memoir of St. Columba by Adamnan enables us to follow the life of the chief teacher of Christianity and his monastic church in a much fuller degree than has been here attempted. The bare facts of the feudal period from Malcolm Canmore to the death of the Maid of Norway are stated, but the reader will not learn what were the marked peculiarities of the Scottish variety of feudalism, the continuous chain of vassals, the importance of holding direct from the king (which alone gave right to appear in Parliament), the large jurisdiction conceded to the great nobles, the gradual extension of feudal law till it obliterated Celtic customs even in the remotest parts of the kingdom. The War of Independence lasted only a few years, but it is the central fact of Scottish history. It made the nation and its character. So even in the briefest history no point in it should be slurred over. When Mr. Mackintosh says, as to the dispute for the crown between the different claimants, "to enter minutely into the details of the scramble would be foreign to the aim of this volume," he misses the aim of such a work. The reigns and regencies from the death of Bruce to the return of James I. from England may be fairly enough treated rapidly. Not so the character of James I., after Bruce the greatest of Scottish monarchs. No doubt the chronicles of the reign are scanty, but the "Kingis Quhair," which is not mentioned, enables us to see the heart, and the Acts of Parliament show the head, of the king who, in a better sense than any of his successors, was the King of the Commons. The tragic end of his struggle with the nobles by his murder at Perth is of course told; but why does a popular history forget to tell the heroic act of Catherine Barlass, who tried to save the king with her frail arm and brave heart?

The Reformation, and the reign of Mary Stuart, are fairly told; and as it was impracticable in the space at command to enter into the controversies as to the character of Mary, it was perhaps better to pass over the disputable points in silence. Unfortunately the manner in which this part of the narrative is told leaves an epoch which seethed with passion dull and lifeless. Knox and Mary, Moray, Darnley, and Bothwell, Lethington and Grange, are mere lay-figures. If they had played their parts as coldly as in this history, there would have been no historic drama. We need not pursue the same

criticism through the Civil War; but surely it is too cavalier a way to dispose of the gallant Montrose to say, "His short career and exploits have been often detailed, and it is needless to repeat them."

The main topics of the modern history of Scotland are undoubtedly those which Mr. Mackintosh has treated, though scarcely in a luminous manner: *first*, the variations of Scottish Dissent, partly due to the absence of political interest, and partly to the blindness of statesmen to the democratic element in the Scottish Reformation; *secondly*, the marvellous recovery and development of trade, which converted the Scots from a poor to a rich nation, and which was owing in equal measure to the industry and integrity of its mercantile classes; and *lastly*, the scarcely less wonderful revival of letters, which within a century—from Hume and Robertson to Scott and Burns—placed for a time a little nation in the front ranks of modern literature. This was due to the substratum of sound education which the Reformers laid, but also to a burst of genius under conditions not altogether favourable. To illustrate these topics so far as possible in a small compass, representative names should have been selected, their lives sketched, and their works estimated.

While noting what appear to be the defects of this book, it is fair to acknowledge its chief merit, which consists in a plain, unpretentious, and generally correct statement of the leading facts in Scottish history. A few misprints should have been corrected, as Sadlaw for Sidlaw Hills, p. 9; Gratan for Gartan, p. 15; Musselburgh Castle for Musselburgh Bridge in the list of illustrations. But as a whole the book is clearly and accurately printed, and it is almost entirely free from party spirit. If it were to drive from the schools such a partisan and misleading work as Mackenzie's "History of the Scottish Nation," now too frequently used, it might serve for a time a useful purpose.

"MODERN IDEAS OF EVOLUTION."

MODERN IDEAS OF EVOLUTION AS RELATED TO REVELATION AND SCIENCE. By Sir J. William Dawson. London: The Religious Tract Society. 1890.

THE object of the volume before us is twofold; first, to set before the world, "captivated, dazzled, and perplexed by the new philosophy," a clear and intelligible exposition of the nature and tendency of the modern ideas of evolution; secondly, to supply an answer to the numerous letters and inquiries respecting this subject, with which Sir William Dawson has been overwhelmed of late years. It is possible that the work may fulfil the latter of these two purposes. It may serve to satisfy the cravings of the author's correspondents, but it is extremely unlikely that the world, captivated, dazzled, and perplexed as it is, will regard this book as a clear or intelligent exposition of the modern views on evolution.

This is the more to be regretted since within the last ten years there has been a remarkable increase in the number of works dealing with the philosophy of biology; and any book which treated concisely and lucidly the various views put forward (to take a few names only) by Nägeli, Eimer, Weismann, Cope, Wallace, and Romanes—which indicated the facts adduced in support of their various tenets, and which pointed out the main differences of opinion between these various philosophers—would be of the utmost use at the present time to all students.

Sir William Dawson has introduced into his work a large amount of theological argument, which must be left unnoticed within the limits of a short review. His own conception of the origin of the organic world appears to be, that the various kinds of animals and plants were created not certainly in six days, but at various epochs in the earth's history—in short, when they were wanted. In some cases he conceives that one specimen only was created. For instance, whilst talking of sponges, he says, "May

not, then, the creative act have been limited to the production of the first hexactinellid, and may not the others have originated by ordinary generation?" Had it occurred to our author to consider any of the problems of geographical distribution, he would doubtless have explained the numerous cases of discontinuous distribution by invoking the creative act in two different continents or oceans.

The Religious Tract Society could hardly have chosen a worse expositor to put before their readers a true account of modern views on evolution. The very word is, in the opinion of Sir William Dawson, so dangerous that he suggests abandoning it; he can hardly mention an evolutionist without prefixing agnostic, atheistic, or monistic; he speaks of Darwin as content to explain the "*Origin of Species*" by "an imaginary struggle for existence and a supposed natural selection." Has our author ever read the "*Origin of Species*"? If so, what does he mean by the words we have printed in italics? The idea that there is a struggle going on between the various parts of an organism—in other words, that if one organ increases, it does so to some extent at the expense of the others—seems to Sir William Dawson "so revolting to common sense, and so hideous to right feeling, that few like to contemplate it." This is an example of the sort of criticism which is freely applied throughout the book to views about which our author expresses disapproval without ever having understood what he attempts to discredit.

When we come to the chapter on the origin of life, we are told that "We must assume as factors in the development of the Divine plan a triad of things and powers existing in space and time—matter, ether, energy;" and we are further assisted by the following explanation:—"Ether is, so to speak, an immaterial matter, existing everywhere, yet incapable of perception, an inconceivable, all-pervading something, ministering to every sensation and action, yet itself imperceptible and inert." After this, we read without surprise that "An egg is mainly composed of protoplasm, pure in the white, mixed with some other things in the yolk. It is also an example of dead or non-living protoplasm, though produced in the body of a living animal." In more than one place in the book, it is insisted on with some stress that protoplasm "is only another name for the chemical compound albumen;" we are further told that "we know nothing of protoplasm (i.e., albumen), organism, and life, except as existing together." After this, we confess it was a little startling to discover in the last chapter that "we may possibly at some future time find that albumen (i.e., protoplasm) and starch may be manufactured cheaply from their elements by artificial processes." We hope this cheap manufacture of protoplasm will not be achieved in our time.

That our author is unacquainted with the modern views of evolution is evident throughout the book; the only German writers whom he criticises at any length are Hæckel and Weismann. With some remarks of the Jena professor's on the subject of Adam's rib he is particularly angry. He himself prefers to retain the first link in the Jewish genealogical table, but he is willing to go so far, for the sake of the weaker brethren, as to discuss "the possibility that in some early stage of development the unfinished vertebral arches of the skin-fibrous layer might have produced a new individual by a process of budding or gemmation!"

The appendix to the volume consists of an explanation of Weismann's views, with regard to which we have only to remark that the conclusion he draws from them, is that Weismann's work is equally subversive of both the Darwinian and Lamarckian doctrines of evolution!

Sir William Dawson's linguistic studies seem to be as inaccurate as his biological; he introduces an impossible Hebrew plural, *sherezim*, with an impossible translation. The word he is thinking of is

"sherez," and its true meaning is well rendered in Leviticus xi. 42. Finally, we feel we must protest against the use of the verb *to geometrise*, in the sense in which it is used on page 177.

ENGLISH SANITARY INSTITUTIONS.

ENGLISH SANITARY INSTITUTIONS, REVIEWED IN THEIR COURSE OF DEVELOPMENT AND IN SOME OF THEIR POLITICAL AND SOCIAL RELATIONS. By Sir John Simon, K.C.B. London: Cassell & Co. 1890.

For a period of twenty-eight years Sir John Simon has held various official positions in relation to the business of sanitary government. For about twenty-one of these he was the Central Medical Officer of the Kingdom—first to the Board of Health, then to the Privy Council, and lastly to the Local Government Board, which in the deplorable absence of a special Department of Public Health is still the central authority in these matters. No one could be better qualified, both by experience and study, to write the history of English Sanitary Institutions; and he has written it in this volume with admirable clearness and completeness. In two introductory chapters he traces the history of concerted sanitary action from the earliest times of which written records, or even the explorer's spade, have yielded any evidence, up to its culmination in the great public works of ancient Rome. The efforts of mediæval philanthropy are then briefly reviewed, and after some notices of sanitary legislation under the Tudors and the Stuarts we are brought, in chapter viii., to that striking growth in humanitarian feeling, beginning in the eighteenth century, which has ever since been so persistent and so fruitful a factor in our social development. The labours of John Howard, which were among the first and the worthiest results of this new feeling, naturally directed public attention to the terribly insanitary conditions, and the consequences of these conditions, then prevalent in quite other regions than the prisons which were the main object of his reforming activity. But the blight of reaction under which public life in England withered during the first quarter of the present century checked all advance, even in this direction; and it was not until the first visitation of Asiatic cholera in 1831 that the need for State action in the provision of sanitary institutions began to be seriously and widely realised.

Probably not many of the present generation understand how very recent are those great advances in the practice and theory of public sanitation the advantages of which we enjoy to-day. At the beginning of the present reign the Statute Book contained only *one* law of any general sanitary intention—that which empowered the Lords of the Council to enforce certain futile quarantine regulations against pestilence. If we add a vote passed annually for the support of a National Vaccine Board to supply the public with vaccine lymph, we have summed up the whole effort of the Central Government of that day for the protection of the public health. As for the local authorities, "the local question," observes Sir John Simon (pp. 167, 168), "would commonly have been, what is the least amount of local improvement which will suffice to avert intolerable degrees of common physical inconvenience? and probably very few of our towns, in their answering of that question, recognised nearly so high a standard of requirement as had been recognised, two thousand years before, in Rome. . . . Nuisances injurious to health abounded everywhere; and against such nuisances, however flagrant, there was no sort of summary jurisdiction. No general law existed as to the practice of the medical profession, or as to the sale of drugs or poisons; and except for the purposes of excise, there was no available law against adulterations of food."

Here our author comes to close quarters with his subject, and the remainder of the volume (nearly two-thirds of the whole) is occupied in tracing that development of sanitary institutions in Great Britain which received its first great impetus from the epoch-making Report of Mr. (afterwards Sir) Edwin Chadwick, Secretary of the Poor Law Commission, which in 1839 was directed to make a general inquiry into the causes of disease among the labouring classes.

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Of the legislation which followed—the committal of the sanitary interests of the nation in 1848 to a General Board of Health—their transference after ten years to the Privy Council, then to the Local Government Board—then, in a measure sure to be speedily increased, to the County Councils—of all these changes, and of other and minor reorganisations, together with the various *momenta* which influenced them, we have here an account which leaves nothing to be desired in point of thoroughness and method. The one thing we should have desired is that Sir John Simon would have a little transcended the precise limits of his subject, and given us, in addition to his history of English administrative machinery in sanitary matters, some sketch of the improvements which that machinery has brought about, of the new resources which science has placed at its command, and of the grand objects which should guide its future action. No one can, or at least ought to, think that sanitary reform has reached its goal until it has in some way provided for the return of sewage and refuse matter to the soil; but this great problem is never touched upon in the present work. Nor would any reader of it ever be led to suspect the enormous step which has been made towards the solution of the chief question connected with public sanitation by the discovery of chemical antiseptics. It is true that these and such like matters do not fall within the author's plan; but it might surely, with great advantage, and without any loss of proper unity, have been enlarged to make room for them.

The concluding chapters, which discuss the lines which social legislation ought to take in the immediate future, deserve to be read with close attention. Briefly, Sir John Simon considers the great *desiderata* of the day to be—(1) the provision of an effective remedy in the civil courts for loss or suffering caused by wilful neglect of sanitary precautions on the part of house-builders, house-owners, water companies, etc.; (2) a radical reform in the Poor Laws, providing, *inter alia*, for the compulsory enrolment in a public army of labour of "valiant beggars" under "strictly disciplinary, though not otherwise penal, treatment"; (3) a system of compulsory and State-aided insurance for the working classes, such as has been lately inaugurated in Germany. As regards these reforms we shall only express our hope that the first of them will not be delayed until public opinion is ripe—if it ever does ripen—for the other two. "I believe," writes Sir John Simon, "that such an amendment of law would tend to ameliorate the sanitary government of the country more rapidly than any other which could be named." That is a very weighty expression of opinion, and we trust it will have its due effect with those to whom the sanitary interests of the nation are, or are to be, committed.

"PAPER AND PARCHMENT."

PAPER AND PARCHMENT. Historical Sketches. By Alex. Charles Ewald. London: Ward & Downey.

THIS is an interesting and instructive volume. In the first essay we have an account of Domesday Book. Mr. Ewald explains why the Survey, the date of which he fixes in the years 1085-1086, minute and careful as it is, contains no account of the northern counties. Durham and Westmoreland had been so mercilessly devastated that there was practically nothing left to survey. Lancashire had no existence in those days as a separate county. The southern parts of Cumberland and Westmoreland formed parts of Yorkshire, and are so surveyed, while their northern parts continued to be a fief of the Scottish kings until the time of William Rufus. In "A Companion to Domesday" there is a good account of the *Valor Ecclesiasticus* of King Henry VIII., which has been well described as "a kind of Domesday of Church Property." Side by side with the Act constituting Henry head

of the Church, was an Act restraining the payment of *Annates*, or first-fruits, to the See of Rome. "The exchange from the tiara to the crown having been effected," says Mr. Ewald, "by the sanction of Parliament, Henry proceeded to investigate after the most business-like fashion the resources of the new bank upon which he was permitted to draw." Commissioners were accordingly appointed to make a survey as minute and complete as that of Domesday. "Thus," says Mr. Ewald, "to the divine, the historian, the genealogist, the topographer, and the litigant, information is to be obtained from the reports of this survey not to be met with elsewhere."

In the well-told story of the "Maid of Norway" there is yet another illustration from ancient records, how the best laid schemes of diplomacy are apt to be thwarted. The essay on "Early Parliamentary Procedure" is founded on an edition of the "Modus tenendi Parliamentum," by Sir Thomas Hardy. The question of the age of this document has given rise to a good deal of controversy, but from the use of the word *Parliamentum* Sir Thomas Hardy infers that it must have been written after 1244, and from the mention of payment of knights of the shire for parliamentary attendance before 1327, and fixes its date at between 1294 and 1327. At p. 69 will be found details as to the payment of members in old times, which appears to have varied from ten shillings to eightpence.

Among the other essays may be mentioned "Henry Mackyn," whose diary supplies us with a number of interesting details about the reign of Queen Mary; "Fleet Marriages," an amusing paper detailing the evils of the traffic in clandestine marriages; "Our Archives," directing attention to the rich stores of information opened up to the student and writer of history in recent times.

By far the greater part of the volume is occupied with the records of days long past, and it is indeed only in its last two essays, "An Abolitionist" (on the life of Fowell Buxton), and "Nihilism," that he deals directly with the history of the present century. The interest of the reader is well sustained throughout, and Mr. Ewald's readers will find both pleasure and instruction in the perusal of his pages.

A SOCIAL DEPARTURE.

HOW ORTHODOCIA AND I WENT ROUND THE WORLD BY OURSELVES. By Sara Jeannette Duncan. London: Chatto & Windus.

ORTHODOCIA and her friend are two very charming young ladies, and the story of their adventures is more than amusing. They started from Montreal, to make the tour of the globe, with a great quantity of luggage, chiefly Orthodoxcia's, and a surprisingly small amount of information, shared pretty equally between them. Their intellectual equipment consisted, as far as one can judge, of a knowledge of the Bible, the Arabian Nights, and Bishop Heber's missionary hymn. When they reached India, they were a little better off, for once or twice the chronicler alludes to the works of Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

In spite of this ignorance, or perhaps in consequence of it, the narrative of their travels makes very pleasant reading. They picked up facts as they went along, which Orthodoxcia preserved in her note-books; but to the last day of their journey they avowed openly a hatred of public buildings, particularly museums, and made a practice of avoiding all the places commonplace travellers are expected to see.

On the other hand, they had delightful adventures in Japan, where they set up house-keeping in a funny little house, and were waited upon by funny little servants. They went to a Japanese dinner-party, and partook of strange food, and poor Orthodoxcia burst her evening dress in trying to sit gracefully on the floor. China they found such an ugly country that they hurried away from it; but Ceylon proved very attractive, and in India they had a great deal of fun.

It is pleasant to notice that the English language will carry travellers through all emergencies, in every quarter of the world. In Cairo the donkeys, which seem quite dangerous animals from their high spirits, are called by such names as "Lily Langtry" and "the Grand Old Man;" and when Orthodoxia hesitated to mount a camel, the owner told her that "every lady like his camel: he best quality camel." This is the language of Westbourne Grove.

The chronicler of these adventures has a very pretty wit, but we must suggest to her that all subjects are not fit matter for mirth. Perhaps the mummy of the great Pharaoh, who brought misery on his country by refusing to let the children of Israel go, may be joked about without hurting any one's feelings. Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay, has a dignity which no jests can touch. But in the description of the skeletons in the Capuchin Church at Malta she offends against good taste. We cannot afford to be facetious at the expense of such fellow-mortals as have preceded us into the grave.

There is a love-story mixed up in the travels, of course. The lover, who makes Orthodoxia's acquaintance in Canada, and follows her to India, is compelled, by the rapidity of her movements, to propose to her by telegram on the way to Aden. This telegram deserves attention. It points to all sorts of possibilities in the future, when electricity will have driven the penny post off the field.

It must be added that the pictures, though they have an uncomfortable way of appearing in the middle of a sentence, are exceedingly clever. The whole book is full of charm.

FOUR NOVELS.

1. METZEROTT, SHOEMAKER. London: Cassell & Co. 1890.
2. ZEBEL. By Lillie Crane. London: Eden Remington & Co. 1890.
3. THE BETTER MAN. By Arthur Paterson. London: Ward & Downey. 1890.
4. KO MÉRÍ; OR, A CYCLE OF CATHAY. By Jessie Weston. London: Eden Remington & Co. 1890.

THE serious novel is, we suppose, a necessity of the age. We are no longer content with the romantic love-story or the exciting adventure. We cry aloud for a problem—for hypnotism and transcendental medicine, for spiritualism and psychology, for the combat of faith and infidelity. Hero, heroine and villain are not enough; we must have a convertible agnostic, or a doctor of medicine with a strangely fascinating personality. We would never find fault with those who gratify the popular taste, if they always gave us such a remarkably good story as "Metzerott, Shoemaker." On the whole, this is a strong book. The characters are boldly and clearly drawn. The power of arousing a reader's sympathy is present on almost every page. The story is fascinating. The logic, or want of logic, is to some extent convincing; for the author has seen that although in our religious discussions we generally choose to fight on the ground of the intellect, the battle is really decided on a totally different field. No story which deals with this subject can expect to be entirely convincing, or universally convincing. The peculiar kind of mind which could be unsettled by the historical criticism of "Robert Elsmere" might, perhaps, find calm and peace in the philological quibbles of "Metzerott." But with most men religious questions are decided by personal experiences; a novelist who deals with the subject must hope rather to confirm than reform. At least, he or she must not hope for permanent reform—permanent alteration. The man who is convinced by one novel is very likely to be convinced again by the next, if it be equally well written. The story deals with Christian Socialism. Because it is Christian, it finds but little favour among the orators of Hyde Park on Sunday afternoon; because it is Socialism, it meets with little favour, as a rule, elsewhere.

Stripped of its name, it contains much that every warm-hearted Conservative might approve, and much that might form part of the programme of more progressive politics. We venture to think, however, that it is rather as an interesting story than as a contribution to a cause that this book will obtain the success which it certainly deserves.

We do not know whether the author of "Zebel" would consider her book to be a necessity of the age, or whether she would regard it as a luxury. There may, of course, be souls who are hungry for this kind of literature; there may be minds which can find in it amusement and recreation. But we think the average man would either go to sleep over it, or would put it down in disgust. It appears to be destitute of originality, and not to be entirely successful in its attempt to copy some of the worst models. It reaches the improbable without ever leaving the commonplace; the misunderstanding between the two lovers is absurd, and it is quite impossible to feel much sympathy with the hero. Surely, too, the time has gone past when heroines were allowed to have "a dreamy, far-off look" in their eyes; while we have not yet reached the luxuriance of metaphor which can describe a torrent of thanks as fading away. One is always anxious to praise, whenever it is possible, but we own that "Zebel" bewilders us. We cannot speak either of promise or fulfilment; and as there is a burlesque actress in the book, we are not at all sure that we do not run some risk in describing it as innocuous. And yet the book really is innocuous; there is a literary incapacity which makes any of its products innocuous as long as the sympathies of the reader are never excited; as long as he feels absolutely no interest in the story which he is reading he is not likely to come to much harm. We feel quite certain that "Zebel" will do no harm, and equally certain that it will do no good.

"The Better Man" is a spirited and exciting story. It deals with life on a ranche, with the ring of shockingly unprincipled people who governed Carita, and with their ultimate downfall. The book contains much interesting information, and is something more than a mere string of adventures. It is, perhaps, in the drawing of character that this story, like many of its class, is deficient. One hero is exactly like another hero; we can quite see that both must be high-toned, simple, brave and muscular, but there are other points where they might be allowed to differ. Far too many of them cherish faded photographs in the bosoms of their shirts, wherewith to soften and cheer their bold but solitary life. Frank Houghton, a very fine fellow and the hero of this novel, cherished the faded photograph. It seems to have been decided that we may have enthralling incidents, or skilful and accurate analysis of character, but not both. If we are to be enthralled, we are to be enthralled by dummies. If the characters are vivid and distinct personalities, they may get into a drawing-room together and talk about agnosticism; but they may not swim rivers, and shoot villains, and arrive in the nick of time—they may not, in fact, enthrall us.

We would not imply, however, that "The Better Man" is mere melodrama, although it has some of the faults of melodrama. The tone of the book is bright and healthy. It is not free from sentimentality, but it is not overloaded with it. Some of the minor characters are drawn with more skill and originality than the principal persons.

"Ko Méri" is a story with a preface; and we read therein that "all the circumstances in this simple little tale came within the experience of the writer." There are three hundred and ninety-four pages of the simple little tale; and, as there are very few circumstances, the book seems prolix and wearisome enough to the ordinary reader, although to the student of racial questions it may possess a certain interest. It is the story of a girl in New Zealand, a half-caste, brought up in an English

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home, who subsequently went back to the Maoris. We feel throughout the book that we are not quite in touch with the author. We read discussions which do not seem new or deep, and have the impression that perhaps in New Zealand their enthusiasm on such subjects is of more recent growth and more easily satisfied. The record of trivialities, too, must be done very cleverly and with marvellous fidelity to life, if it is to be done at all. Mr. Henry James could probably make the conversation of rather dull people, engaged in the decoration of a church, seem interesting; and where he might have succeeded, it is to be feared that the author of "Ko Méri" has failed.

LOYALIST, SOCIALIST, AND HUMORIST.

1. ENGLISH LYRICS. By Alfred Austin. Edited by William Watson. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.
2. SONGS OF THE ARMY OF THE NIGHT. By Francis Adams. London: Vizetelly & Co. 1890.
3. BALLADS FROM "PUNCH," AND OTHER POEMS. By Warham St. Leger. London. 1890.

WE venture to think that the publication of a selection from the poems of Mr. Alfred Austin, with a preface by Mr. William Watson, has a peculiar significance at the present time. Daily papers saw no indecency in discussing, a short time ago, the possible candidates for the Laureateship which is not yet vacant. A monthly review settled the question entirely to its own satisfaction. It must not be supposed that Mr. Watson urges in plain words Mr. Austin's claims. He merely says:—

"Our literature prior to Lord Tennyson contains no such full utterance of this dual passion, this enthusiasm of nationality underlying an intimate and affectionate knowledge of every bird that makes an English summer melodious, and every flower that sweetens English air; and it seems to me that if the question be asked, 'Who among the poets of a later generation can be said to share with Lord Tennyson the quality of being in this double sense English through and through?' any competent person trying to answer the question honestly will find the name of the author of this volume of 'English Lyrics' the first to rise to his lips."

Perhaps we may be excused for thinking—it may be wrongly—that we know what was uppermost in Mr. Watson's mind when he wrote the above paragraph, or his praise of Mr. Austin's patriotism and "chivalric passion of loyalty and allegiance." We do not deny that there is a certain truth in the criticism. There is, without doubt, a similarity between some of the poems in this volume and some of Lord Tennyson's work. We may even go a little further than Mr. Watson, and point out that much of Mr. Austin's "English Lyrics" would in all probability have never appeared if Lord Tennyson had never written. And yet one has only to take down an old copy of "In Memoriam" to notice the difference rather than the similarity between these two poets. The book falls open, perhaps, at some favourite passage. The poet would not have the ship's "dark freight, a vanish'd life" engulfed fathom-deep beneath the waters. It seems sweeter

"To rest beneath the clover sod,
That takes the sunshine and the rains,
Or where the kneeling hamlet drains
The chalice of the grapes of God."

We seek in vain among the primroses and puerilities of Mr. Austin's book for anything worthy to be compared with this stanza, anything which with words so few and simple can make us feel so much.

Mr. Watson thinks that poetry must "sink altogether under the lethargy of an emasculate euphuism, . . . smothered in artificial rose-leaves;" or else "the strenuous and virile temper which animates this volume must come to be more and more the temper of English song." More suitable adjectives might have been found than "strenuous and virile." There is a very pleasant freshness and simplicity in this rustic piping; and Mr. Austin's patriotic verses are spirited enough. But the words "strenuous and virile" are more applicable to the fuller harmonies of Mr. Swinburne, who, by the way,

never smothers us either in artificial rose-leaves or political primroses. One is not altogether sorry to leave this spectacle of the nightingale in the rôle of the vulture.

Mr. Francis Adams, in a note to his "Songs of the Army of the Night," tells us that he has withdrawn in this volume a few lines that were in the Australian edition. "It is not that the author cancels them, but that he recognises the difference of freedom of speech in a caste- and cant-ruled country like England and in a country like Australia, which is comparatively free from either cant or caste." We are extremely sorry, for the sake of Mr. Adams and of everyone who has the misfortune to come across his hysterical nonsense, that he did not withdraw the whole volume. One can understand the passionate sense of injustice. One can admire Mr. William Morris, and, in a lesser degree, Robert Brough; but one cannot admire gross coarseness, offensive irreverence, and intentional misstatement. Does not the man know that every thinking Socialist, every Socialist who is swayed by any higher motive than the desire to get himself heard, despises such methods? We might add that Mr. Adams apparently cannot spell correctly, or write grammatically, or understand that there are certain rules of rhyme and metre. But these are minor points. We have accused the author of gross coarseness and offensive irreverence. We can justify the accusation by a reference to pages 29, 46, and 47; and we could justify it still more fully. We accused him of intentional misstatement; here is part of some doggerel, entitled, "To Queen Victoria in England":—

"No, but in backstairs fashion, in the stealthy twilight hour,
You have struggled and struck and stabbed, you have bartered
and bought and sold!"

* * * * *

"Never in one true cause, for your people's sake and the light's
sake,
Did you strike one honest blow, did you speak one honest word."

This passage, like the filthy and baseless insinuations which follow it, is too contemptible to make anyone really angry. But does Mr. Adams know what is generally thought of any man who publicly prints what he knows to be untrue about any woman—be she queen or subject? We doubt if Mr. Parnell will feel flattered by the approval of such a man, and we are sorry that the cause of Home Rule should have suffered from his support. If Australian log-rolling succeeds in getting this book sold, it will probably prove to be the severest blow which has been struck at Socialism this year.

It would not have been worth while to give one line of notice to such a book, were it not for two reasons. First, it represents a type which is becoming more common, and on which we must speak definitely, once for all. Secondly, Mr. Adams professes to love children; and, if this be so, there is hope for him. The education of an average English nursery might do him much good.

It is very pleasant to turn from such poor stuff as this to Mr. St. Leger's "Ballads from Punch." They are full of the most delightful humour. The delicacy and force of the satire contrasts strongly with the clumsy way in which Mr. Adams hurls brickbats and never hits. Mr. Adams, by the way, would do well to read "A Song after Sunrise" in this volume. Especially good are the parodies of drawing-room songs; many of them have already been made familiar to us by frequent quotation. Mr. St. Leger does not sit down to write a parody of any one particular person; he just parodies anybody who happens to occur to his mind with most free and genial good-humour, and, like most humorists, he can be—there are indications in this book to show it—as pathetic as most people when the fit takes him. But we are sorry that he should have included verses in which the fun depends on the vagaries of aesthetes or the pains of sea-sickness. Such fun has long since ceased to be either new or funny. But, on the whole, this is a pleasing little volume, and well worth acquiring.